The Outlook

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The Political Campaign

The first week in September abounded in political events of importance. Chief among these were the election in Vermont, Ohio's vote on constitutional amendments, the State Progressive Conventions in New York, Iowa, Ohio, and Nebraska, the primaries in California, the statements of Senator Bourne of Oregon and Senator Cummins of Iowa giving their reasons for adhering to Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy, and the addresses made by Mr. Roosevelt in the West and Governor Wilson in the East—and to these one is tempted to add an equally significant non-event, namely, the inertness of the campaign of the Taft Republicans. As to Vermont, an enormous amount of printer's ink has been wasted in trying to figure out by arithmetical ratio what would be the result the country over in November on the assumption that in all the States the party cleavage in the National election would be on the same lines as it was in Vermont on State issues and State candidates. How preposterous such an application of the "barometer" idea is may be seen by comparing Vermont's choice of delegates to the Republican National Convention at Chicago with what happened later in many big and strong Republican States. The real deduction from the Vermont election is that in an ultra-conservative, slow-moving New England State the new party on its first appearance at the polls was so strong that it presented a solid fighting phalanx and forced the choice of Governor into the Legislature. Even violent anti-Progressive newspapers took this view at first, echoing the utterance of the Republican candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Howe, who said: "This means that Roosevelt has more than a fighting chance in Vermont in November." It is known that large numbers of voters who will support the Progressive candidates in the National election feared that to vote for the Progressive State ticket would have a bad effect on local questions, and this fact justifies Senator Poindexter's comment: "The Vermont election shows results in the direction of popular rule which are unprecedented in the entire political history of this country. That so large a proportion of the old party should organize, cast off old alliances and come out for the party that stands for the rights of the people, all within two weeks' time, is simply marvelous." The vote, in round numbers, was: Fletcher (Republican), 26,000; Howe (Democrat), 20,000; Metzger (Progressive), 16,000. Apparently the Legislature has a small Republican majority and will elect Allen Fletcher as Governor. The Vermont Democrats are naturally elated at the moderate increase in their vote. It may be said with perfect truth that one indication of the Vermont election is that the real fight there, as elsewhere, is to be between Democrats and Progressives.

Ohio Indorses Progressive Ideas

If Vermont is conservative among Eastern States, Ohio also is conservative among those of the Middle West. All the more significant, therefore, is Ohio's emphatic indorsement of Progressive methods and principles. With the exception of woman suffrage, which was decisively defeated, and possibly one other exception, the forty-two proposed amendments to the State Constitution were ratified. The greatest interest was shown and the highest vote was cast in the case of the initiative and referendum; the liquor license amendment was carried by a moderate majority in a relatively small vote; the interest in judicial reform was second only to that felt in the initiative and referendum. In the judgment of The Outlook, the result of the woman suffrage fight indicates that men in Ohio do not believe in imposing the responsibility for government on women until the women have had an opportunity to say officially whether they wish

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to assume that responsibility; and it also appears to indicate, from the way in which the vote was divided, that the working classes in the cities are opposed to woman suffrage. The issues in Ohio's revision of her Constitution, and the large principles which apply to State Constitutional revision generally, were discussed in an editorial to be found in The Outlook of August 24. Taking the many changes adopted as a whole, it may be declared emphatically that they make for social justice, for greater flexibility in the political machinery, for larger democracy, and for direct control by the people of the State. In brief, with few exceptions, Ohio has written into its fundamental law many of those things for which the Progressive party is fighting the country over. This was fully recognized at the Ohio State Progressive Convention, which was largely a meeting of rejoicing and congratulation. A full Progressive State ticket was put in the field, headed by Arthur L. Garfield as candidate for the Governorship. The other State Progressive Conventions named above were businesslike, thorough, and hopeful in tone, and through them and those to follow the Progressive party will go into the field admirably organized, with leaders of ability, and with clear-cut programmes and pledges of action. In California the primaries showed a sweeping Progressive victory, not less welcome because it was anticipated; it was indeed so great that the Taft leaders will have to put their Presidential electors in the field by petitions, each of which must be signed by eleven thousand voters who did not participate in the primaries. In Iowa John L. Stevens has been selected as the Progressive candidate for Governor; in North Carolina, Dr. Cyrus Thompson. Turning to personal political utterances, we quote from Senator Cummins's statement referred to above:

> The renomination of President Taft was opposed by an overwhelming majority of the Republicans throughout the country simply because in his Administration he had not done nor said the things which the great body of the people believed he should have done and said. . . . The reason the Republicans were so largely against the renomination of Mr. Taft was their profound conviction that he is not a Progressive, and does not believe in a proper sense that the people should rule the country. . . . Theodore Roosevelt was the manifest choice of the great number of Republicans who expressed a choice for President. He is appealing to the moral and progressive forces of the people, and I expect to vote for him; but it must be understood that I will do so protesting against the organization of a new party, and dissenting with some of the doctrines of his platform. My vote for him will indicate that I believe he desires to promote the common welfare, but will not indicate that I look upon the new party as a wise or enduring movement in public affairs.

Senator Bourne is equally explicit. He says:

> The Republicans of Oregon, as well as of every other Presidential primary State except Wisconsin, selected Mr. Roosevelt as their choice for President this year. These Presidential primary returns clearly indicate that Mr. Roosevelt is the choice of the great majority of the Republican party, and he certainly was of Oregon; hence I, being the originator of the Presidential preference law, shall support Mr. Roosevelt for the Presidency at the November election.

Nothing has so effectively brought out the fact that the nominations of the Chicago Republican Convention were based on the suppression of the wishes of the vast majority of Republicans as these reasons given by Senator Cummins and Senator Bourne for their decision to support the Progressive National candidates.

New York's Progressive Convention: Unbossed and Unafraid

Oscar S. Straus, who has been closely associated with two Presidents, Cleveland and Roosevelt, who as Ambassador to Turkey has had an exceptional record in diplomatic service, who was the first Secretary of Commerce and Labor, who has served as arbitrator in labor disputes, and is a member of the highest tribunal in the world, the International Court at the Hague, was chosen at the State Convention held at Syracuse last week to be the Progressive candidate for Governor of New York. This nomination alone makes this State Convention of National interest. There were other features, however, which also mark it as extraordinary. In the first place, the circumstances surrounding the nomination were highly dramatic and moving. Like the National Convention of the Progressives at Chicago, this Convention at Syracuse had great capacity for enthusiasm. The great body of delegates, among whom there was a considerable number of women, sang hymns and songs after the manner of the delegates who assembled in August at Chicago. The Convention hall was reddened with the color of the bandannas that were waved whenever, as often happened, the assemblage rose to cheer. At the same time the Convention had an extraordinary capacity for silent attention. The chief contest was over the nomination for the

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Governorship. As the sessions continued this became tense. Two nominees were offered: one was the State Chairman, Mr. Hotchkiss; the other was Mr. Prendergast, the Comptroller of New York City. The Convention was very evenly divided. Just as it was about to proceed to ballot, a man sprang to the platform and unexpectedly named Mr. Straus. In spite of the fact that Mr. Straus had said plainly that if the assembly named him he would decline and it would have to reconvene, the delegates saw in this the solution, and by a great demonstration made their determination at once evident. When, in the midst of the shoutings, the announcement was made in writing, "He accepts," the delegates broke into singing "Onward, Christian Soldier." This singing of a Christian hymn in celebration of the selection of a Jew as a leader in a moral uprising marked as nothing else could have done the breaking down of old barriers. Frederick A. Davenport, known in the State through his effective support of Governor Hughes, was named for Lieutenant-Governor. The fact that this Convention had to continue and nominate seven other candidates serves to illustrate the need of the "short ballot" which is advocated by the party. Even a free convention, as this one was, is not a suitable means for the selection of a long list of executive officials. Under the State law none of the candidates will be legally entitled to appear on the ballot until he is nominated by petition. One other striking feature of this Convention was the method it used for planning to put its platform into practice. The platform, like the National platform of the Progressive party, consists of proposals for securing measures extending popular rule and measures on behalf of social and industrial justice. By resolution the Convention provided for a permanent committee whose business it will be to draft these proposed measures and present them to the Legislature, and even for the reconvening of the Convention, if necessary, in order to reaffirm its demands. This is the first time, so far as we know, that a political convention has taken practical action for carrying out "a covenant with the people." In its tone and in its action the Convention was independent, aggressive, and self-reliant. At last New York may make a non-partisan fight on clear-drawn issues against the rampant bossism of both the Republican and Democratic machines.

The Political Use of School Buildings

During the past two years the Wisconsin State Law has required the school boards to make free provision for the use of school-houses as neighborhood headquarters for political discussion. Wherever, in scores of Wisconsin communities, the citizens have availed themselves of this right, there has been, it is asserted, no case of abuse or disorder; on the other hand, there has been a revival of the good custom of an earlier day when every American schoolhouse, in the country at least, was a familiar place of public assembly. The custom might obtain in every city as well. We are not surprised, then, that Dr. Josiah Strong, President of the Social Center Association of America, has written to the Chairmen of the National political party committees, recommending the use of school-houses for political meetings. In some cities school-houses are already used as polling-places. This has resulted in a saving of the public's money—for instance, the use of the Los Angeles school-houses is said to have saved to the taxpayers of that city at least seventy-five hundred dollars at each election. A similar use would save seventy-five thousand dollars in New York City. Another value would result from the wider use of the school-houses. As Dr. Strong points out, aside from office and printing expenses, there are two channels of legitimate party expenditure: the rental of meeting-places for the presentation of party claims, and the transportation of speakers. Now, in every city, says this writer, where the schoolhouses have begun so to be used, the feasibility of eliminating the private or party rental of meeting-places has been shown. Hence, by removing one of the two causes "for the expenditure of private money in the influencing of public choice," not only is there a resultant economy, but half the shield behind which corrupt practices operate is cut away. But the third value, and the greatest, would be the educational value. It is interesting to note the opinions of two of the Presidential candidates on this subject. Governor Woodrow Wilson remarks: "I do not wonder that men are exhibiting an increased confidence in the judgments of the people; because, wherever you give the people a chance such as this . . . in the school-house, they instantly, eagerly, avail themselves of it. I see in a movement like this a recovery of the constructive and creative genius of the American people." In his speaking tour last week

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Mr. Roosevelt also referred to this matter, proposing that the school-houses be turned into a "senate of the people," where they could discuss the issues of the hour. He declared his hearty approval of the maxim, "Public buildings for public uses."

New Orleans Reformed

The political events of the past fortnight have not been exclusively in the National campaign. A municipal event is also well worth chronicling—the sweeping victory in New Orleans, by a vote of more than ten to one, for the commission form of government. Like many another community, New Orleans has suffered under the failure of the aldermanic system, accompanied by the activities of unscrupulous bosses, to give proper government to its citizens. At last the old political ring has been partly broken; but not entirely. It still will try to elect an "organization Mayor and Commissioners." But its more comprehensive power has certainly been broken. In Galveston, where the plan was first tried, Houston, Dallas, Fort Worth, and Austin in Texas, Mobile and Montgomery in Alabama, as well as in Shreveport, Louisiana, the New Orleans people have had a chance, close at hand, to see just how the commission form of government works. At first there was a feeling that the plan might work ill because a yet stronger control over the city would be given to the Mayor and four Commissioners than to the Mayor and sixteen Aldermen. But conditions in New Orleans, one of the "widest open" towns in America so far as liquor, gambling dens, brothels, dives, and all sorts of "joints" are concerned, and with streets, health conditions, and internal improvements neglected, led the people to feel that, even if the newer form of government might mask a possible danger, it would be more than offset in the chance quickly to fasten responsibility for wrong-doing. Hence the vote of nearly twenty-four thousand in the affirmative, and of only about twenty-one hundred against the innovation. New Orleans will now be governed by five Commissioners, including the Mayor. As previous to this action only a few cities of over a hundred thousand population had adopted the commission form of government, the New Orleans plan, if it works well in a city of nearly three hundred and fifty thousand people, will impressively refute the theory of the opponents of commission government that the plan is good only for small cities.

Progress on the Panama Canal

Two items of news from the Canal Zone, the revision of the estimates of excavation necessary to complete the Canal, and the sinking of a section of the wharf at the Pacific terminus of the Canal, are events of importance chiefly because they may give rise to misapprehension if the facts are not clearly understood. An addition of 16,903,000 cubic yards of excavation to the estimates made heretofore is noteworthy even in Panama, where figures in the millions are common. The only important part of this, however, is the addition of 4,000,000 cubic yards made on account of the slides in Culebra Cut. Colonel Goethals is authority for the statement that this addition will not affect the prediction previously made by him that a ship could be passed through the Canal in September, 1913, a year from now. He does not mean by this that the Canal will be completed, but merely that it will have reached such a stage that it can be used. In Culebra Cut there yet remain to be dug out, including the latest addition of four million yards, about 10,500,000 cubic yards of rock and earth. Forty-two steam shovels are working on this mass eight hours a day, and are removing it at the rate of one million yards a month. This rate, if continued, would result in the excavation being completed before September next, but it is not expected that it can be kept up, because the space in which steam-shovels can work is already being narrowed, and within six months it is probable that not over half the number of shovels now at work will be digging in the Cut. If the shovels are unable to complete the excavation, it is proposed by Colonel Goethals to blast with dynamite such material as remains, as is now done continually, and then flood the trench. The excavation will have advanced to the point where vessels drawing thirty feet of water can pass safely through the Cut. The remaining fifteen feet (there is to be a forty-five-foot depth) can then be taken out by elevator dredge, and towed either into Gatun Lake or out to sea at the Pacific entrance—probably the former, since to do so would not involve the use of locks.

The Slides Along the Canal

No feature of the Canal work has caused so much speculation in the United States, nor so little on the Isthmus, as the slides in Culebra Cut. To the engineers on the Canal they represent a perfectly

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natural succession of phenomena, namely, the sloughing off of banks of earth until they have reached a slope at which they will stand without retaining walls or other artificial supports. In all, about twenty million cubic yards of earth and rock boulders have moved towards the deep trench. For the past eighteen months these slides have been excavated both from the top, to lighten them, and from the bottom, to rid the Canal prism of the earth they are constantly sending down. They have apparently at last reached the angle of repose, having assumed a slope from which very little material now moves into the prism. This does not mean that they will give no further trouble, but merely that they have been conquered sufficiently to permit the completion of the excavation. When once dredges can be set at work, the excavation of the slides, if they continue to move, can be carried on for about one-third the cost of steam-shovel work. The remaining twelve million or more yards of excavation are to provide for additional dredging in the Pacific and Atlantic entrances, and for the dry dock and other terminal works at the Pacific entrance. Practically all of this is for the Pacific entrance, and will in no way delay the opening of the Canal; indeed, any ship in the Panama trade could now use the Pacific entrance. If any delay in the opening of the Canal next September may be anticipated, it will be due to the installation of steel work in the locks at Miraflores. The hanging of the gates and installation of machinery have just been begun there, and much work remains before these locks will be ready to pass ships. Colonel Goethals feels confident that all will be in readiness. On the morning of August 18 the foundation of a section of the wharf at the Pacific terminus of the Canal slid toward the channel and the floor of the wharf collapsed. A freight car, several hundred tons of merchandise, and two electric cranes fell with the floor. The cranes fell athwart the bow of the Pacific mail steamship Newport and listed it heavily to the port side, causing the freight in the hold to shift until the portholes were under water. The ship filled rapidly and sank. No lives were lost. The Newport will be raised, but about three-fourths of its fifteen hundred tons of freight are believed to be a total loss. The only significance of this accident would be to raise a question as to the foundations of the permanent structures that the Government is erecting at the Pacific entrance, such as quay walls and the dry dock. There need be no apprehension on this account. The section of the pier that slid towards the Canal was not based on bed-rock, and was not considered as part of the permanent wharfage. It adjoins the long pier of the Panama Railway, erected fourteen years ago, which is founded on steel caissons sunk to rock, and which has shown no signs of weakening. The new quay wall but recently completed at the Pacific terminus is built upon bed-rock, the concrete piers going down as much as seventy-five feet below the surface of the ground. The excavation for the dry dock, now in progress, contemplates just as substantial foundations. There is no reason to doubt that the permanent works of the Panama Canal will not lack for stability.

A Crisis in the George Junior Republic

The controversy which has arisen in the George Junior Republic is temporarily unfortunate; but in its outcome it is alike creditable to William R. George, the founder of the Republic, and Thomas M. Osborne, the Chairman of the Board of Trustees. It is unfortunate only as it may give rise to a natural misunderstanding among careless readers of the newspapers; and most of us read the newspapers carelessly. When, in 1898, Mr. George gathered at Freeville a group of boys, subsequently adding girls, from the streets of New York City, and organized them into a self-governing Republic and threw upon the boys and girls themselves the entire responsibility of making and enforcing all the local laws of the community—that is, all regulations beyond the laws of the State itself—his audacity of faith in human nature had no parallel, and in it he had little if any public sympathy. How much the extraordinary success of his experiment has been due to his personal influence as a friend and comrade of the citizens of his Republic has yet to be determined. Successful it was, so successful that, after two or three years, at Mr. George's request, it was incorporated, a Board of Trustees was organized to help guide its destinies, and Mr. Thomas M. Osborne was made its President. Ten years later, so strong had become the desire to initiate similar Republics in other parts of the country, and so urgent were the calls on Mr. George to aid in their formation, that a National Association of Junior Repub-

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lics was formed, and Mr. George was made its General Director, and therefore severed his official connection with the local Republic. He remained, however, at Freeville, where was his home, and made it the official headquarters of the National Association. This was quite natural, but proved to be an error in judgment. However heartily his successor might agree with Mr. George in spirit and purpose, it was impossible that he should agree with him in all methods. He would not have been the man for the place had he not had an initiative of his own. A mere copyist is never fitted to be at the head of a novel enterprise. It was equally impossible that Mr. George could see changes in method introduced and not have some apprehension as to the results; nor could he live in the Republic, in sympathetic relations with the boys and girls who had always called him "Daddy," and avoid, however discreet he might be, their suspicion that every change in administration was a change for the worse, and that loyalty to him demanded that they should resent such changes. There are no such worshipers of tradition as uneducated children in their early teens. It is needless for us to narrate the difficulties which naturally arose under such conditions. Suffice it to say that they grew so acute that in July last Mr. Osborne resigned as President of the Board of Trustees. His resignation led to Mr. George's self-sacrificing resolve to sell his home and move away from Freeville altogether; and, as a result, Mr. Osborne will remain as President of the Board. The letters from Mr. Osborne and Mr. George, which have only just been made public, are too long for publication here. It must suffice to say that the wholly admirable spirit which both have maintained affords a happy augury for the future not only of the Freeville Republic, but also for other Republics which we hope may be established and successfully carried on in the same essential spirit. Those who have known Mr. George and the Republic which he has founded will heartily indorse the following paragraph from Mr. Osborne's second letter:

> You are not only the founder of the Republic, but your personality has been the dominant force therein up to the present time. Many will find it hard to imagine the Republic in existence without "Daddy George" being on hand to radiate enthusiasm and faith in the little "great experiment." But that very feeling—the difficulty of separating the thought of "Daddy George" from the Junior Republic—is the very reason why the step you are taking seems to me wise. Sooner or later the hand of every one of us must be withdrawn from his earthly task; and whether it is wise to withdraw it sooner, rather than wait for the inevitable summons of death, depends upon the circumstances of each individual case.

This event is, on the whole, not to be regretted. For the result will do much to determine whether the extraordinary success of the Republic is wholly due to a great personality, or whether it is due to a great principle which can be applied under other conditions and by men possessed of the spirit of Mr. George but not possessing his peculiar genius.

Abraham Lincoln's Achievements

The "Century Magazine" for September contains an interesting article, "Characteristic Anecdotes of Lincoln, from unpublished notes of his Private Secretary, John G. Nicolay, by Helen Nicolay." There is not much that is absolutely new in this article. Though some of the anecdotes are new to us, they all confirm the popular impression of Abraham Lincoln's character, and tend to intensify the admiration and affection for the great President. One incident which we do not recall to have seen before illustrates a profoundly religious trait in Mr. Lincoln's character—the trait of genuine, simple humanity. As he was leaving his Illinois home for Washington he said to the pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Springfield: "Mr. Hale, I have read my Bible some, though not half as much as I ought, and I have always regarded Peter as sincere when he said he would never deny his Master. Yet he did deny him. Now, I think I shall keep my word and maintain the stand I have taken; but, then, I must remember that I am liable to infirmity, and may fall." We do not think we have ever seen a summary of Lincoln's achievements so concisely eloquent as that which Mr. Nicolay's daughter quotes from her father's note-book—a summary in his own handwriting, made when writing had become well-nigh impossible for him:

Turned his defeat for the Senate into a success for the Presidency.

Took into the Cabinet his rivals, and made them his ministers and servants.

Conquered the Rebellion.

Liberated the slaves.

Outwitted all the intrigues against him in Cabinet and camp.

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Gave his implacable rival the Chief-Justiceship.

Disarmed all criticism by shouldering all faults.

Consolidated his party and increased his majorities.

Held the people to their great task.

Made the strongest argument for peace and the best defense of war.

Gave in his Springfield Prayer, his Gettysburg Address, and his Second Inaugural the most pathetic and eloquent utterances of his time.

Forcible in speech and faultless in logic, he enriched the language with new thoughts, new definitions, new maxims, new parables, and new proverbs.

Was a true type and exemplar of his country, his race, and his government.

Wore honor without pride, and wielded power without oppression.

Lived like a peasant by necessity of birth and fortune, reigned like a monarch by right of representative instincts, native intellect, the wisdom of humility, and love of his fellowmen.

Died a martyr, and was wept by the civilized world.

The Krupp Centenary

The centenary of the famous Krupp steel factory at Essen, Germany, coincides with the hundredth birthday of the greatest man in the Krupp dynasty. Alfred Krupp, "the king of cannons," was born in 1812. From its small beginnings the cannon manufactory grew until now over seventy-one thousand persons are employed in it. Thus over a quarter of a million persons are dependent on one industry for work and bread. If the Krupp works are best known because of their making of cannon, their other products are not to be forgotten—rails, plates, machinery. The full reports, which have now come to hand in the foreign papers, indicate that the centenary celebration was indeed one of note. For, to mark it, the Krupp family donated no less than fourteen million marks (about $3,500,000) for various beneficial purposes: first of all, three million marks among the employees, each receiving a sum proportionate to the length of his service; then five million marks, the interest of which was to go towards sick and old-age pensions for the workmen; one million towards the expenses of the wives and children of workmen during their necessary sojourns in hospitals or infirmaries; one million for a provident fund for employees, two millions for army and navy institutions, and two millions for the city of Essen, provided that half be employed for its artistic and æsthetic betterment and that from the rest enough be taken to create a great space for sports and games. The centenary festivities were distinguished by the presence of the Emperor, his brother Prince Henry of Prussia, and other princely personages, the Imperial Chancellor, the Ministers of State, and admirals and generals by the dozen. The Kaiser's commemorative address was significant of the new Germany. He did not fail to point out that the birth of the steel factory coincided with the beginning of the German national movement which the following year at Leipsic was to shake the nation free from the oppressor. Since then "Krupp cannon have thundered over the battlefields where German unity was fought for, and Krupp cannon are the enginery of the German army and navy to-day. The ships constructed in the Krupp yards carry the German flag into every sea. Krupp steel protects our vessels and our forts." The monarch then added no less significantly:

> But the Krupp enterprise has been not only the first great German exploitation in this sense. It has been the first in Germany to recognize the new social problems and to seek to solve them. Its institutions for the care of the sick, the decrepit, and the aged, and its model dwelling-houses, have been models for other industrial enterprises to follow, and have suggested the kind of legislation to secure social justice.

A Tutor to Young China

For fifteen years George Ernest Morrison has been the London "Times" correspondent at Peking. He has been offered and has accepted the position of Political Adviser to the President of the Chinese Republic. The event is trebly worthy of note, first because Dr. Morrison is interesting, second because the London "Times" corps of correspondents has been properly distinguished, and third because the new Republic in China has appropriately laid "an anchor to windward." Dr. Morrison is still a moderately young man; he was born in Victoria, Australia, in 1862. He studied at Melbourne and Edinburgh Universities. When only twenty years old he undertook a pioneer expedition to New Guinea. The next few years saw him, now roving, now practicing medicine, in this country, the West Indies, Spain,

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Morocco, and ultimately in the Far East. His celebrated walk of more than two thousand miles across Australia was rivaled by a three-thousand-mile walk across China, and then by a walk across Manchuria to Vladivostok on the Pacific. Dr. Morrison traveled alone, dressed as a native. These and Dr. Morrison's other journeys were undertaken, not to satisfy a restless spirit, but to acquire knowledge at first hand. The result, so far as China was concerned, was that he knew the country better than did any Chinese statesman, for no one of these had studied it from as many angles. One has but to read Dr. Morrison's "An Australian in China" to realize this. Little by little he came to be consulted as one who could speak with comprehensive knowledge, and he was frequently consulted, especially during the three critical years before the Boxer atrocities startled the world in 1900, and also during the anxious time just before the beginning of the Russo-Japanese War in 1904. The following year, at the Russo-Japanese Peace Conference at Portsmouth, no one among the one hundred and twenty newspaper correspondents awakened more sympathetic respect than did Dr. Morrison. The appointment of such a man is a significant sign of President Yuan Shi-kai's recognition of the fact that a young Republic like China would do better with a tutor than without one.

Is Unsightliness a "Nuisance"?

The immense growth of billboard advertising in New York City has emphasized the imperative need of regulation. But when any thoroughgoing legislation is discussed or proposed, the backwardness of New York's courts in recognizing the true extent of the police power of a city stands in the way. It is, of course, possible to regulate the billboards so far as they are dangerous in construction, or are allowed to become a menace to health, or are likely to spread a conflagration. But the real indictment against the billboard is that it is ugly, that it offends the æsthetic sense, and that it injures the city because it is unsightly and offensive. The Commissioner of Accounts in New York, Mr. Fosdick, has been impelled by the increasing moral nuisance, if not the physical nuisance, of the billboard, to make a thorough investigation into the subject; and his report, just published, is a model of what a city investigation should be. It is most especially notable because of the numerous pictures which bring the offense and ugliness of the billboard directly before the reader's eye. Mr. Fosdick points out that there are over three thousand locations for billboard advertising in New York, exclusive of sky signs; and altogether there are about four thousand facings for advertisements, while eight of the leading concerns in the business have together a capital of about two million dollars. There is a city ordinance regulating both billboards and sky signs, but some of the provisions regarding the latter have been declared unconstitutional by the New York Court of Appeals on the ground that "æsthetic considerations are a matter of luxury and indulgence rather than of necessity; and it is necessity alone which justifies the exercise of the police power to take private property without compensation." Other States and other cities have shown a more enlightened view, although the right of a city to make itself decent to the eye is perhaps nowhere so well established as it will be in the future. The New York Court of Appeals, however, in this matter as in others, has taken pains to place itself explicitly in the rear of such advance as has been made. Apart from the question of the æsthetic principles involved, Mr. Fosdick shows plainly that the law is being violated constantly and offensively, and that there are nuisances about which there is no question, which the city can and should instantly abate. As to the rest, we can only hope that the time will soon come when the law will recognize the common-sense theory that an offense to the eye is just as much a nuisance as an offense to the nose, and that the State or city must have power to promote beauty and attractiveness as well as safety and cleanliness.

Putting the Guilt in the Right Place

A Federal judicial decision which is in line with the basic ideas of social justice has just been rendered by Judge Noyes, of the New York Circuit Court. A German woman who had been made ill by eating canned meat which contained the germs of trichinosis brought suit against the great packing company in Chicago which had put up the meat. Thereupon these meat-packers, Armour & Company, set up the legal defense that they did not deal directly with the consumer of the meat, but only with the storekeeper or middleman who sold the meat to the consumer, and that the middleman must be held

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responsible for damages, even although the carelessness or recklessness which brought about the injury lay with the packing company and not with the middleman. In short, it was asserted that the packer owed the consumer no duty whatever except that which we all owe to all citizens—to refrain from knowingly and willingly inflicting injury. The argument adduced to support this contention was ingenious, and had a show of precedent and analogy behind it. But Judge Noyes quickly and finally rejected the plea, and he did so in the interest of humanity and because such a contention would remove a safeguard to life and health which ought to exist. If the individual citizen is to have no remedy for poisoning caused by selling him rotten or diseased meat, merely because it has passed through the hands of a local dealer, a danger which should be slight and almost non-existent would become portentous. Judge Noyes recognized this and said: "In my opinion every consideration of law and public policy requires that the consumer have a remedy. If there are no authorities that grant one, it is high time for an authority."

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts is making an important and valuable addition to its noble buildings. The contract for construction was let last April, and the work is already well advanced. This Evans Memorial Building will contain the galleries for paintings, all of which will be removed from their present position in the main building to the new addition on the main floor. Large top-lighted galleries on one side, with smaller galleries with top or side lights on the other side, will form a continuous circuit for the exhibition of paintings, while a corridor through the middle of the building will afford space for water-colors, drawings, and miniatures. On the lower floor will be the print department. This improvement will not only give additional room, but will give that room in galleries especially fitted for the exhibition of pictures. We note in this connection that the Fine Arts Museum has procured a series of forty-five water-colors by John S. Sargent. In some of these pictures Mr. Sargent appears to us to have attempted themes which can be dealt with adequately only in oils, but most of them are exceedingly beautiful illustrations of what can be achieved in water-colors.

THE PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT

I. SOCIAL JUSTICE

The Outlook proposes, in a series of editorial articles, to interpret to its readers the Progressive Movement—a movement which has created one of our political parties and modified the platforms and principles of the other two, a movement which is more than political and more than National, a movement which is transforming the religious, the educational, and the industrial as well as the political creeds and institutions of the world. These articles will be primarily interpretation, not advocacy, but will frankly, though incidentally, indicate the reasons why The Outlook gives its support to the Progressive party in the present political campaign.

How to prevent the concentration of wealth and the widespread extent of poverty has been the theme of political students for centuries. The social injustice which this wealth concentration causes has for centuries created in the oppressed classes a discontent varying in degree from a dull despair to a furious outburst of wrath, and has aroused in humane souls a fiery indignation, expressed sometimes in fierce invective, sometimes in open war.

It is eloquent in the pages of the Hebrew prophets—Isaiah, Micah, Amos, Hosea. It is expressed in the writings of the Christian Fathers in language radical even for the radical democracy of our time. It inspired the ministry of Francis of Assisi. It sharpened the sword of Oliver Cromwell. It kindled and fed the devastating fires of the French Revolution. It gave our fathers the audacity to declare their independence of Great Britain. It was the creator of the emancipation movement in America, the West Indies, Russia.

It has in these latter days inspired efforts to discover some quick and easy panacea—in Anarchism, because government has fostered injustice; in Socialism, because capitalists have been often callous and sometimes unjust; in the Single Tax, because land tenure has promoted monopoly. The Progressive Movement of our time is one phase of this world-wide demand for an order of society which will give to all God's children a fair opportunity to live a life worth living.

This discontent is not due to "sensational journalism and unjust and unprincipled muck-

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raking." Were Isaiah and Micah and Amos and Hosea muck-rakers or unprincipled journalists?

It cannot be cured by the successive failures of some rich men and the successive deaths of all rich men and a consequent distribution of their property. Rich men have been failing and dying ever since the days of Solomon and Cræsus, and still there are the two classes in society—some with incomes so great that they cannot spend them, and others with incomes so small that they cannot live on them.

Charity has done much to relieve the more distressing conditions of the intolerably poor; but it has done nothing to abolish the twofold social evil of hungry poverty and irresponsible wealth.

The tariff has not caused the evil, and the abolition of the tariff cannot cure it. For the poverty is more abject, the discontent deeper, the social injustice greater, in free-trade England than in tariff-protected America.

The Christian churches cannot cure the evil. They can inspire the will to cure it, and wherever there's a will there's a way. But the will, once inspired, must find the way. Christianity inspires the spirit of human brotherhood. But how to realize human brotherhood in a reorganized society humanity must learn by study and experiment.

To realize this human brotherhood—a brotherhood in which every child will have a fair opportunity to grow to a noble manhood, and every man will have a fair opportunity to live a rich, free, useful, happy life, is the object of the Progressive Movement, in whatever country and under whatever form it appears. It is more, far more, than a cry for bread or work or rent or houses or employment; it is a cry of growing humanity for fullness of life. Take off these swaddling-clothes and give me liberty, is the demand of the twentieth century.

The Outlook supports the Progressive party, primarily because it is the one party which clearly sees and frankly recognizes the social injustice in democratic America, and courageously sets itself the task of studying and removing the causes which produce it. This the new party does with the intelligence of men and women of wide culture and with the enthusiasm of men and women unselfishly devoted to the welfare of their fellows. That its understanding of causes and its prescription of remedies may in some respects be mistaken is immaterial. Sincerity of purpose and courage of conviction, coupled with intelligence and an open mind, will correct such errors if they exist.

The remedies which the Progressive party proposes are, for the most part, those which The Outlook has been urging on the American public for over thirty years. Of course we welcome the party which is created for the purpose of making those remedies efficient. With most of the purposes of the Progressive party as they are outlined in its platform, and with its entire spirit as manifested in its National Convention, we are in hearty accord.

We wish to see an educational system which will educate our boys and girls for life, not merely for college, which will give as much honor and as much attention to industrial as to academic education, which will give a fair opportunity for development to every boy and girl in America, and which will do this by educating them for their life, not away from it.

We wish to see an industrial system which will give to those who carry on our organized industries some share in the profits and some share in the control of the industry; incomes so far equalized that every willing worker can earn a livelihood adequate for the comfortable support of himself and his family, and no healthy man living on an unearned income for which he renders no equivalent to society; hours of labor so adjusted that every workingman, whether he works with his hands or his head, can have a reasonable time for rest, recreation, and his home life; eight hours made the normal working day and six days the normal working week in all organized industries; laws enacted which shall make the consequences of ordinary accidents fall automatically on the industry, not, as now, on the workingmen, and which shall protect the children in their right to childhood and the mothers in their right to motherhood; and the government of the Nation and of the State equipped to protect and promote the health of the people.

We wish to see the problem of promoting our agricultural interests studied with the same care with which the Nation has studied the promotion of our mining and manufacturing interests, and more of the profits left to the farmer and less paid to the transportation systems and the middlemen.

We wish to see the railways fully recognized as highways of the Nation, and so carried on as to be of equal benefit to the

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smallest and the biggest shipper; our great industrial organizations, whether of capitalists or workingmen, not disorganized or discouraged, nor made illegal, but recognized by law, encouraged by public opinion, and brought under such legal regulation and control as will make them beneficial, not prejudicial, to the public.

We wish to see a thorough reorganization of our tax methods, State, municipal, and National, so that what is now a chaos shall become a system, and so that the taxes shall be proportioned to the extent and value of the property protected by the Government.

We wish to see the past and present alliance between special interests and corrupt politicians destroyed, and government in all its phases administered for the equal benefit of the many, not for the special benefit of the few.

We wish to see the courts of justice so officered and organized that the poor man shall have an equal chance with the rich man, Ahab no advantage over Naboth, the rich criminal no immunity from punishment and no delay in receiving it.

We wish to see an end put to grants of the people's property to private owners; the mineral and forest lands and the great water powers now belonging to the people kept in their control; and measures studied for the purpose of regaining for the people the control of the public property of which they have been deprived, partly by their own carelessness.

We wish to see the people unmanacled; free to nominate as well as to elect their representatives; free to re-elect them as long as they are satisfied with the service rendered; free, either by long terms with recall or short terms without recall, to dismiss them when the service is not satisfactory: and free, when the Legislature and the Courts disagree respecting the authority of the Legislature, to decide between the two.

This is not Anarchism. The Anarchists wish for a weak government or none at all. The Progressives wish for a strong government.

This is not Socialism. The Socialists wish to abolish private capital. The Progressives wish to retain private capital, but to bring it under Government regulation and control.

Some, perhaps many, of our readers, may not sympathize with this movement. But it is at least well that they should understand it. The movement is not due to the political ambition or the political skill of a single man. It is not due to any recent stirring up of discontent, either by individuals or by events. It is a stage in the development of democracy: its inspiration, an enthusiasm for humanity; its aim, social justice for the less fortunate of mankind; its guiding principle, faith in the capacity of the people to direct safely the destiny of the Nation if the hindrances to their free control are taken away.

LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

Early evening. A young mother sitting before an open fire in the parlor, day-dreaming of love. Upstairs the little girl whom she has just tucked in bed. A little stirring in the room overhead, the mother's ear alert to listen. Then a patter of little feet upon the stairs and along the hall, and the mother, through the portière which separates the parlor from the dining-room, sees this childish Eve climb on a chair, take a big, rosy apple from the fruit dish in the center of the table, and patter back through the hall and slowly climb the stairs again.

It would have been so easy to stop the theft before it was completed, or detect the culprit with her booty in her hand. But this is a wise mother. She does not care to stop the uncompleted theft or to detect the culprit and compel her to a shamefaced but reluctant confession. She wishes, not to stop the child from committing a sin, but to prevent her from becoming a sinner. She wishes, not to control her daughter, but to create in her daughter a power of self-control. She wishes any confession to be not compelled but voluntary, not reluctant but spontaneous. She waits and thinks. She is accustomed to think first and act afterward. Wise mother!

And as she waits, still all alert, she hears a stirring again in the room overhead, and again the patter of little feet upon the stair and along the hall. What? Is the child going to take another apple? No! she climbs into the chair, puts the purloined apple back into the fruit dish, and through the curtained doorway the gladdened mother hears the childish voice say softly, with what was half a sigh and half a chuckle, "That's one on you, Satan." And then the feet patter along the hall and climb the stairway, and all is still. And the mother is thankful in her

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heart that she did not follow her first impulse and interfere.

This true story, as it has been told to me, suggests the answer to certain questions which some of my Unknown Friends have lately put to me. For it contains four of the elements of life's continuous drama—temptation, sin, repentance, victory. The fifth element is not there—redemption. For the mother did not save the child; the child saved herself.

Temptation is not sin. The childish desire for the apple was a perfectly innocent desire. Temptation involves no sin. Gluttony is sin, but appetite is not. Stealing is sin, but the desire to acquire property is not. The child desired the apple—that was quite right. She also desired to be an honest little girl and to be worthy of her mother's approbation. That was of course quite right. She sinned when the desire for the apple mastered the desire to be an honest little girl and to be worthy of her mother's approbation.

Taking the apple was not the sin; it was a consequence of the sin. The sin began when she began to indulge in the wish to get the apple which was not hers, and which she knew her mother would disapprove her taking. It was consummated when she resolved to disobey her conscience and disregard her mother's wish and take the apple. In this resolve, this act of the will, the sin was committed. If when she got downstairs she had found that the maid had locked the apples up in the closet and there was no apple there, still she would have sinned. If she had resolved to wait until her mother went out to make an evening call and then go down without fear of detection, and instead had fallen asleep and had wakened in the morning disappointed that she had not been able to complete her purpose, still she would have sinned. A sin is completed when the resolve to complete it is made. "Sin is lawlessness." It is the conscious disregard of a higher law for the gratification of a desire which in itself may be entirely innocent. It is entirely innocent for the little child to wish the apple. It is not innocent for her to desire the apple more than she wished to obey the voice of her conscience telling her not to take it.

Being sorry for having done wrong is not repentance, though repentance involves being sorry for the wrong done. If the little girl had taken the apple and carried it upstairs, and then had begun to be afraid that the apple would be missed and she herself detected, or, without that fear, had begun to feel ashamed of herself and had even wished that she had not taken the apple, that would not have been repentance. She repented when she resolved to take the apple back and put it in its place in the fruit basket. Repentance is not feeling, though it involves feeling; it is not action, though it generally involves action. Repentance is the resolve not to repeat the wrong done, and to do all that one can do to repair its effects. No repentance is genuine which does not involve an earnest desire, and, when repair is possible, a serious endeavor, to undo the wrong committed. Peter's repentance was not completed when he went out and wept bitterly. It never would have been completed had he not accepted from his Master his recommission and gone out to acknowledge his Lord and confess his faith in him, always at the peril and eventually at the cost of his life. Judas Iscariot was sorry that he had betrayed his Master—so sorry that he committed suicide. But Judas Iscariot did not repent.

When undoing the wrong which we have done involves confession, repentance involves confession. When undoing the wrong we have done does not involve confession, repentance does not involve confession. The little girl completed her repentance when she put the apple back. She might never tell her mother of her temptation, her sin, her repentance, her victory; she might even think that to do so would seem more like boasting than confessing.

The child was a better child for her experience, and better equipped for life because she had passed through it. The mother might well feel a new pride in her little girl because her little girl had won such a victory; and the child herself might well experience a feeling of exultation in that she had won so hard a battle.

This incident may not, probably will not, suffice to answer the questions of several of my Unknown Friends respecting the nature of temptation, sin, and repentance. But it may suggest to them trains of thought which will lead them to some light on their questions.

And some light also on another question which in different forms several of them ask: Why does God allow this terrible drama of sin to go on unchecked when he might so easily stop it? Perhaps for the same reason

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that the mother allowed her child to steal when she might easily have stopped the theft. The mother was a wise mother; therefore she did not interfere. Perhaps it is because God is a wise God that he does not interfere. Perhaps he is more anxious to make virtuous men than to prevent sinful acts. Perhaps he sees that the only way to make men virtuous is to let them fight against temptation, and not interfere.

Virtue is the choice of the right when we can choose the wrong. Virtue is not possible in a world in which sin is not also possible; because virtue is choosing to do the right when one is free to choose to do wrong. There is in every State in the Union a community of considerable size, the members of which work, but are not industrious; never drink, but are not temperate; do not steal, but are not honest; and attend divine service, but are not religious. It is the State's Prison. To be industrious one must be free to be idle; to be temperate one must choose not to be a drunkard; to be honest one must have a chance to cheat; and to be devout one must be at liberty not to worship.

The mother was a wise mother, a very wise mother, not to interfere, but to wait and see whether the child could win the victory over herself by herself. What she could have done and what she should have done if the child had failed raises another question. What we can do and what we should do to help one another in the battle of life, and what the Father can do and what the Father does do, are questions which I will leave to be considered in some future letter.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

THE SIGN OF THE INN

It would never have occurred to Dr. Johnson to set up the "throne of human felicity" in a hotel. In the old English taverns, and especially in "The Three Crowns," which still keeps open doors at Lichfield, it is easy to imagine the great Lexicographer laying down the law from his chair at the head of the table. Imagine the Doctor, who prescribed remedies for others which he never took himself, sitting in the corridors of a modern hotel surrounded by massive columns of artificial marble, with a gorgeously elaborate ceiling over his head, a crowd of people streaming in and out of ascending and descending elevators, boys rushing about with telegrams, and the stir of men bent on business and of women eagerly seeking matinée tickets! In such surroundings the great talker would have burst into profanity or sunk into despairing silence. In a great modern hotel personality is dissolved in a vast pool of promiscuous humanity, as in certain Oriental religions it is lost in a tideless sea of life.

The inn has individuality, and not only makes room for personality, but sets a little stage and provides an audience for it. Poets and novelists have not been slow to see its uses for literary purposes, and before the Canterbury Pilgrims set out from the Tabard Inn the ease of companionship offered by the inn had been often celebrated. Romance and crime have found lodgings at the inn, and many bold stratagems and stirring fights have made inns memorable and dear to those who love the atmosphere of adventure.

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith had ample precedent for laying the scene of his latest book in one of the most fascinating inns in the world. There are famous inns in Normandy, but none so captivating at first sight as the inn at Dives which bears the name of William the Conqueror. From this little town that vigorous Norman set sail for England, and made himself responsible for an immense number of pedigrees, real and fictitious.

If the Barons and Knights who acquired England without the vexatious and dilatory processes of law had had lodgings in the inn which now bears the name of their daring and predatory leader, they never would have left France. Mr. Smith emphasizes the delights of the noble dining-room and the great hearth at the "William the Conqueror" in the title of his book, "The Arm-Chair at the Inn;"[1] but he does not fail to celebrate the court around which the old inn wanders and in which one can never drink his coffee without feeling that the curtain has lifted on the most captivating stage he has ever seen and that the opera is about to begin. "Spread out before you," writes this painter-romancer, "lies a flower-choked yard flanked about on three sides by a chain of moss-incrusted, red-tiled, seesaw roofs, all out of plumb. Below, snug under the eaves, runs a long go-as-you-please corridor, dodging into a dozen or more bedrooms. Below this again, as if tired out with the weight, staggers a basement from which peer out windows of stained glass protected by Span-

[1] The Arm-Chair at the Inn. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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ish grilles of polished iron, their leaded panes blinking in the sunshine, while in and out, up the door-jambs, over the lintels, along the rain-spouts, even to the top of the ridge-poles of the wavy, red-tiled roofs, thousands of blossoms and tangled vines are running riot: and this is not all. Close beside you stands a fuchsia-covered, shingle-hooded Norman well, and a little way off a quaint kiosk roofed with flowering plants, and near by a great lichen-covered bust of Louis VI. to say nothing of dozens of white chairs and settees grouped against a background of flaring reds and brilliant greens. And then, with a gasp of joy, you follow the daring flight of a giant feather-blown clematis in a clear leap from the ground, its topmost tendrils throttling the dormers"—a description worth transcribing for the breath of fragrance and the charm of setting which it brings into close rooms in town.

Not far down the Normandy coast there is another inn, less picturesque in itself but more strikingly framed than that which Mr. Smith has chosen for the background of his latest book. When one goes out of the arched gateway of the "William the Conqueror," he finds himself in the heart of a little old town which is of interest chiefly because a great leader once passed that way. There is one old church of the age in which the artistic genius of the French broke into an almost riotous springtime of bloom, so richly efflorescent did stone become in the hands of builders who must have sung or prayed, or perhaps both, as they worked. And there is an ancient market, whose blackened beams and wooden columns have hummed with the gossip of peasants and townsfolk these many decades.

But the charm ends when one goes out of the inn. At Mont St. Michel, on the other hand, the spell is wholly in the setting. The inn is a matter of a plain, bare building not far inside the gate, and two or three other buildings in which the guests are lodged, up the long stone stairways of the town. In the old days the big kitchen was fragrant with those delicious odors which make the aroma of artistic cooking. The big spits were always revolving, the chickens roasting and stews cooking, which were a joy when they came to the long table in that interesting *salle-à-manger* on whose walls half a hundred French artists had left little sketches and on-the-spur-of-the-moment studies by way of saying, "Sorry to leave and coming again." There have been savory and delicately cooked chickens elsewhere, but never such stews as came from the kitchen in the days of Madame Poulard, mistress of "the glass roller and the magic hand." And then those magical omelets of which coarse-minded persons used to say that they were not omelets at all, but *soufflés* of a magical lightness. But, whatever they were, they were of a consistency which was of the soul of the egg rather than of its substance. And Madame Poulard, erect, black-eyed, handsome and smiling, was an artist in hospitality as well as in the art of the kitchen. She was a "European personage," and what a manager she was! It was as good as being at a play to sit in the little out-of-door café across the narrow street from the Poulard inn and watch her graciously welcome the pilgrims, headed by the porters who were guiding them to the rival inn, but who instantly succumbed to her charming imperiousness and became her guests, and have thanked St. Michel ever since for their good luck.

It may be suspected that although Monsieur was a stalwart and swarthy Frenchman, Madame was not only the genius but the manager of the inn, and there was a suspicion that she "ran the town" as well. If she did, it was by virtue of natural selection, for she had the extraordinary sagacity of the French woman of her type. The machinery of her government made no noise; you even kept your own account and recited the list of the nights and meals and incidentals when you left, and were very moderately charged accordingly. If you asked Madame if the inn did not lose sometimes by this system, she smiled and said that St. Michel watched over it. Many verses are written to and about her, of which one is likely to be long remembered for its pith and point:

"Joan of Arc, at point of lance,
Drove the English out of France.
Madame Poulard did better yet:
She brought them back with her omelet."

And what a view one had as he came out of his room in the *Dépendance Verte* or *Blanche* on a fine morning, and had his rolls and coffee in an arbor on the terrace! The high-built little town, half fortress and half church, was piled up around him, walled at the base and crowned by the cathedral; the sea came up softly or clamorously on three sides, and on the fourth the tide spread swiftly over the sands, or the sands shimmered in the light like a living thing; and

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beyond, the fields of Normandy lay smiling in the sun, dotted with towns whose names are mellow with old association.

At Mont St. Michel one sits out of doors and "gives his soul a loose," to quote the happy phrase of a scholar away from his library; it is an inn for sunny days, not for nights before the fire. The arm-chair in which Irving sat before the fire in the Red Horse in Stratford-on-Avon almost a hundred years ago, and the poker with which he stirred the fire, are authentic relics of a visit which sent a tide of visitors from the New World to the shrine of the greatest literary tradition in England; and they are also symbols of the uses which the inn serves. The little group before the fire on a sharp autumnal night, or when the wind whirls down the chimney and goes shouting across the country, typify a kind of comfort which flies from the hotel—a coziness and sense of friendliness which one no more expects when the hall-boy takes him to No. 3,001 on the twelfth floor than he looks for good talk when he finds himself, in a moment of great haste, at a counter where the deadly "quick lunch" is provided. The most beautiful things grow slowly and require time and care, and the bloom of human intercourse is not to be found save in quiet places and out of the turmoil of crowds.

Before the fire which roars up the chimney in the Norman inn in Mr. Smith's book the men tell strange stories of adventure and draw into the circle of talk many apt illustrations from the far ends of the earth. It is, perhaps, the sense of cozy security, of the genial air of friendliness, that makes the open fire in the inn a kind of magnet to draw strange tales to itself. In the corridor of a palatial hotel a man "talks business," or, if an old friend finds him, goes out to dinner at a club where there is quiet, or the two take refuge in a theater; but in an inn they draw their chairs together and drop a score or two of years and are back again on long-familiar playgrounds. And when a group sit within the glow of the fire, every man thinks of the loveliest day he ever spent in some far-off country, or of some adventure which befell him long ago by land or sea.

The great hotel is a miracle of convenience, but there are other things in life. The Englishman who said that there was every convenience in America, but no comfort, was a superficial observer, but there is a grain of truth in his comment. The inn is deficient in convenience; the hot water comes up in a can, and one must walk up and down stairs as all his fathers have done before him; but how much comfort a real inn offers the lonely traveler, and what chances of good talk he happens upon before the open fire! Mr. Smith's delightful book ought to open the eyes of some men and many women to one of the great needs of the country and to one of the great opportunities which it offers to those who are willing to do small things quietly, and to give the wayfarer a sense of being cared for as a person and not simply as a number in the register.

PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRACY[1]

THE TARIFF

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I BELIEVE in a protective tariff, but I believe in it as a principle, approached from the standpoint of the interests of the whole people, and not as a bundle of preferences to be given to favored individuals.

In my opinion, the American people favor the principle of a protective tariff, but they desire such a tariff to be established primarily in the interests of the wage-worker and the consumer. The chief opposition to our tariff at the present moment comes from the general conviction that certain interests have been improperly favored by over-protection. I agree with this view. The commercial and industrial experience of this country has demonstrated the wisdom of the protective policy, but it has also demonstrated that in the application of that policy certain clearly recognized abuses have developed.

It is not merely the tariff that should be revised, but the method of tariff-making and of tariff administration. Wherever nowadays an industry is to be protected it should be on the theory that such protection will serve to keep up the wages and the stand-

[1] In a series of editorials, of which this is one, Mr. Roosevelt is repeating in essence the statement of his political faith made before the Progressive Convention at Chicago.

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ard of living of the wage-worker in that industry with full regard for the interest of the consumer. To accomplish this the tariff to be levied should, as nearly as is scientifically possible, approximate the differential between the cost of production at home and abroad. This differential is chiefly, if not wholly, in labor cost. No duty should be permitted to stand as regards any industry unless the workers receive their full share of the benefits of that duty. In other words, there is no warrant for protection unless a legitimate share of the benefits gets into the pay envelope of the wage-worker.

The practice of undertaking a general revision of all the schedules at one time, and of securing information as to conditions in the different industries and as to rates of duty desired chiefly from those engaged in the industries, who themselves benefit directly from the rates they propose, has been demonstrated to be not only iniquitous but futile. It has afforded opportunity for practically all of the abuses which have crept into our tariff-making and our tariff administration. The day of the log-rolling tariff must end. The progressive thought of the country has recognized this fact for several years, and the time has come when all genuine Progressives should insist upon a thorough and radical change in the method of tariff-making.

The first step should be the creation of a permanent commission of non-partisan experts whose business it shall be to study scientifically all phases of tariff-making and of tariff effects. This commission should be large enough to cover all the different and widely varying branches of American industry. It should have ample powers to enable it to secure exact and reliable information. It should have authority to examine closely all correlated subjects, such as the effect of any given duty on the consumers of the article on which the duty is levied; that is, it should directly consider the question as to what any duty costs the people in the price of living. It should examine into the wages and conditions of labor and life of the workmen in any industry, so as to insure our refusing protection to any industry unless the showing as regards the share labor receives therefrom is satisfactory. This commission would be wholly different from the unsatisfactory Tariff Board which was created under a provision of law which failed to give it the powers indispensable if it was to do the work it should do.

It will be well for us to study the experience of Germany in considering this question. The German Tariff Commission has proved conclusively the efficiency and wisdom of this method of handling tariff questions. The reports of a permanent, expert, and non-partisan tariff commission would at once strike a most powerful blow against the chief iniquity of the old log-rolling method of tariff-making. One of the principal difficulties with the old method has been that it was impossible for the public generally, and especially for those Members of Congress not directly connected with the committees handling a tariff bill, to secure anything like adequate and impartial information on the particular subjects under consideration. The reports of such a tariff commission would at once correct this evil and furnish to the general public full, complete, and disinterested information on every subject treated in a tariff bill. With such reports it would no longer be possible to construct a tariff bill in secret or to jam it through either house of Congress without the fullest and most illuminating discussion. The path of the tariff "joker" would be rendered infinitely difficult.

As a further means of disrupting the old, crooked, log-rolling method of tariff-making, all future revisions of the tariff should be made schedule by schedule as changing conditions may require. Thus a great obstacle will be thrown in the way of the trading of votes which has marked so scandalously the enactment of every tariff bill of recent years. The tariff commission should render reports at the call of Congress or of either branch of Congress, and to the President. Under the Constitution, Congress is the tariff-making power. It should not be the purpose in creating a tariff commission to take anything away from this power of Congress, but rather to afford a wise means of giving to Congress the widest and most scientific assistance possible, and of furnishing it and the public with the fullest disinterested information. Only by this means can the tariff be taken out of politics. The creation of such a permanent tariff commission, and the adoption of the policy of schedule by schedule revision, will do more to accomplish this highly desired object than any other means yet devised.

The Democratic platform declares for a tariff for revenue only, asserting that a protective tariff is unconstitutional. To say that

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a protective tariff is unconstitutional, as the Democratic platform insists, is excusable only on a theory of the Constitution which would make it unconstitutional to legislate in any shape or way for the betterment of social and industrial conditions.

The abolition of the protective tariff or the substitution for it of a tariff for revenue only, as proposed by the Democratic platform, would plunge this country into the most widespread industrial depression we have yet seen, and this depression would continue for an indefinite period.

There is no hope from the standpoint of our people from action such as the Democrats propose. The one and only chance to secure stable and favorable business conditions in this country, while at the same time guaranteeing fair play to farmer, consumer, business man, and wage-worker, lies in the creation of such a commission as I herein advocate. Only by such a commission and only by such activities of the commission will it be possible for us to get a reasonably quick revision of the tariff schedule by schedule—a revision which shall be downwards and not upwards, and at the same time secure a square deal not merely to the manufacturer but to the wage-worker and to the general consumer.

FOLLOWING THE CAMPAIGN

A WEEKLY DIGEST OF POLITICAL OPINION AS EXPRESSED BY PEOPLE AND NEWSPAPERS

MR. ROOSEVELT ON CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS

THE Senate Committee, which has been investigating the subject of campaign contributions, interrupted its labors promptly upon the adjournment of Congress. In relation to the alleged contribution by the Standard Oil Company to the Republican campaign fund in 1904, the Committee found time to hear only Senator Penrose and Mr. Archbold. As soon as these gentlemen had testified and had made certain assertions as to Mr. Roosevelt's knowledge of this alleged contribution, Mr. Roosevelt requested the Committee to give him an immediate opportunity to appear before it. The members of the Committee, however, with the exception of Senator Clapp, its Chairman—Congress adjourning at that moment—seemed to have sudden calls which took them with the greatest expedition away from Washington. Mr. Roosevelt thereupon wrote a long letter to Senator Clapp embodying substantially the testimony which he would have given if the Committee had found it convenient to have him appear before it.

Mr. Roosevelt's letter gives the plain story of the relations of the Standard Oil Company, the Roosevelt Administration, and the Republican National Committee in 1904. It deals in the same plain way with the time-worn story of the Harriman campaign contribution in the same campaign.

In 1904 Mr. George B. Cortelyou was Chairman of the Republican National Committee and Mr. Cornelius N. Bliss its treasurer. On October 26, 1904, Mr. Roosevelt wrote a letter to Mr. Cortelyou in which he said that he had just been informed that "the Standard Oil people had contributed one hundred thousand dollars to our campaign fund," and continued: "This may be really untrue. But if true, I must ask you to direct that the money be returned to them forthwith." The next day Mr. Roosevelt sent a supplementary letter to Mr. Cortelyou requesting again that the contribution be returned without further delay. In it he said that his judgment as to the propriety of receiving or returning the contribution was confirmed by certain publications in the newspapers by the Standard Oil Company, which he had just seen, and which showed that much importance seemed to be attached to the political attitude of the company, and as well by the open and pronounced opposition of the Standard to the establishment of the Bureau of Corporations. Two days later, on October 29, Mr. Roosevelt telegraphed to Mr. Cortelyou: "Has my request been complied with? I desire that there be no delay." Subsequent to the sending of this telegram, Mr. Loeb, then the secretary to the President, called Mr. Cortelyou on the telephone, and later Mr. Roosevelt called him himself. In answer to these inquiries Mr. Cortelyou

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informed both Mr. Loeb and Mr. Roosevelt that no contribution had been received from the Standard Oil Company and that no contribution would be received.

Within the past two or three days, Mr. Roosevelt's letter continues, Mr. Cortelyou has informed Mr. Roosevelt that his memory of the incident is the same as Mr. Roosevelt's, and that the information that no contribution had been received or would be received was given to Mr. Cortelyou by Mr. Bliss. This is the whole story of the alleged Standard Oil contribution and Mr. Roosevelt's connection with it.

Mr. Roosevelt then refers to the charges made by Judge Parker as to campaign contributions in 1904. In the closing days of that campaign Judge Parker, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, asserted that Mr. Cortelyou had been made Chairman of the National Committee because, as Secretary of Commerce and Labor in Mr. Roosevelt's Administration, he had obtained secret information as to the inside affairs of great corporations which he could use to induce them to contribute to the campaign fund, and in effect that he had used such information to blackmail corporations into contributing. On the eve of the election Mr. Roosevelt issued a statement stamping these charges as absolutely false. The result of the election was the election of Mr. Roosevelt by a popular vote of unprecedented size.

Mr. Roosevelt's letter next takes up the matter of the Harriman contribution to the campaign fund. The story of this occurrence has been told again and again, and to go over it once more would be as useless as it is unnecessary. The plain fact, as shown by an accumulation of direct evidence, is that during the campaign of 1904 Mr. Harriman, who was concerned for the success of the New York State campaign under the management of his friend Governor Odell, went to Mr. Roosevelt to ask him to intercede with the National Committee to secure for the New York campaign additional funds. Mr. Roosevelt transmitted the request to Mr. Bliss with his indorsement, but when it appeared that the National Committee was unable to supply more than a small part of the money necessary, Mr. Harriman went back to New York, raised a fund among his friends, and gave it to be used in the New York campaign.

In his letter Mr. Roosevelt further describes how officials of the Standard Oil Company, a year or so after the election of 1904, came to see him in regard to the prosecutions being brought against the Standard Oil Company for the taking of rebates, as well as a couple of years later when the preliminary steps for bringing suit to dissolve the Standard Oil Company were being taken. In each of these cases Mr. Roosevelt referred his visitors to the Bureau of Corporations and to the Department of Justice. For instance, in a letter to Senator Bourne, who had arranged for a meeting between Mr. Archbold and President Roosevelt, the President wrote: "Do remember that, while any proposals they make will be considered in an entirely frank and honorable spirit, yet these proposals must be conditioned upon absolute obedience to the law and must be laid in detail before the Attorney-General and Frank B. Kellogg before it would be possible for me to express any opinion upon them." The letter continues: "I want you to be sure that the Standard Oil people do not misunderstand it and do not get the impression that it is by my desire or on my initiative that negotiations have been entered into with them by you or by any one."

Mr. Roosevelt further points out that the accusations which have been made by Senator Penrose and Mr. Archbold reflect not upon him but upon Mr. Bliss. Mr. Roosevelt expresses the highest confidence in Mr. Bliss as a business man of "stainless probity and integrity." He was a man who gave not merely of his own money freely, but who contributed "his energy, power of work and administrative ability in a way that was quite beyond price." Mr. Roosevelt declares that he does not "feel able to express an opinion as to whether or not he [Mr. Bliss] did, against my explicit direction and in spite of the assurance given me, receive any money from the Standard Oil people." "But I do feel warranted," he continues, "in saying, from my own knowledge of Mr. Bliss and of his character, that he never made any proposition of the nature of blackmail, as Mr. Penrose and Mr. Archbold say he did; and I am absolutely confident that he would never have gone into any scheme looking to the receipt of campaign contributions in return for protection or favor to the parties contributing."

Mr. Roosevelt points out that Mr. Penrose and Mr. Archbold apparently have no

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idea of the infamous nature of the charge they are making against Mr. Bliss, and says: "Apparently neither of them has any idea that it is wrong for the highest Government official to blackmail corporations into subscribing to party campaign funds under the penalty of being prosecuted if they fail to do so. . . . I do not know whether to be more astounded at a United States Senator taking such a position, or at the moral callousness of testifying to it in evident and complete ignorance that any culpability attaches to it."

At the conclusion of his letter, turning to the general question of campaign contributions, Mr. Roosevelt points out that it is no longer legal to accept contributions from corporations, but declares that, aside from this fact, his attitude toward campaign contributions is precisely what his attitude was in 1904, and will not be changed. He does not believe in drawing the line against the size of the contribution. He declares that the only proper conditions are, first, that the contribution should be received "without any kind of promise or obligation, expressed or implied, being accepted only on the announced principle that the man making it has no end to serve except to assist the cause he is championing; and, second, that the money should be spent in an honest fashion and only for legitimate expenses." He refers to the proposal to limit contributions to five thousand or ten thousand dollars, and says: "If the virtue of a party is so frail that it will weaken if the contribution is over ten thousand, it will also weaken if it is under ten thousand. . . . It is morally as bad to solicit or accept ten dollars for improper reasons as ten thousand dollars." "As long," he continues, "as the expense of running primaries and elections is left to be borne by private individuals instead of by the Government, and as long as there is no limit to the total fund which can be raised, then each contributor should be left free to contribute according to his ability, if his motive is proper and is properly understood."

Mr. Roosevelt describes a number of contributions which have been sent to him personally during the past four weeks. He says:

> Among them were $10 sent to me by a woman who is a bookkeeper; $5 from a workingman, an Italian by birth, who told me that it represented two days' wages; $25 from a deep-sea fisherman, who wrote me it represented his profit on one trip, and that later he would send me the profit on another trip; $1 from an old veteran in a soldiers' home, and $2.50 from a Scotch carpenter, who wrote me that he had not been long enough in the country to vote, but that he wished to help all he could in the Progressive movement; $10 from a brakeman; about $45 from a commercial traveler, who told me it represented five per cent on his collections for a certain period; $500 from the mother of a family, which in this case, as I happened to know, meant using last fall's dresses again this fall; $1,000 from a business man in Chicago whom I did not personally know; $10 from a writer who had sold a poem on our movement for that amount; and, most touching of all, $10 from a mother whose ten-year-old boy had just died, because the boy had always admired me and read about me. These are only examples among hundreds of others of the same kind.

Mr. Roosevelt declares that he profoundly appreciates such contributions as these, and that "instead of feeling like refusing the big amounts given him by the few friends who can afford to give these big amounts, I have felt much more like returning these little amounts, which I know mean so much of self-denial to the struggling men and women who send them."

In closing, Mr. Roosevelt declares: "I shall make precisely the same return to all who contribute, and that return is to serve the whole people by striving for social and industrial justice."

He sets forth two men as representing two types among the supporters of the Progressive party, Mr. Perkins and Judge Lindsey. Of the first he says:

> During the primaries he contributed largely of his means, and still more largely of his time and executive and organizing ability; he will continue to give in the same fashion, both money and work, until election day; and not a dollar of his money and not a minute of his time will be used save in straightforward and honest fashion.

Of the second he says:

> Judge Ben Lindsey has no money to give; he has the power to set vividly before audiences the cause for which we are fighting, and to carry conviction of his and our sincerity because of the life of service he has lived. Each man is now rendering to the cause with all his soul the service which he is best fitted to render.

He concludes:

> I am profoundly grateful to both; I am profoundly sensible of the service which each renders; and each expects from me nothing whatever save that I will honorably and in good faith do my part in carrying out our covenant with the people of the United States.

We commend the reading of Mr. Roosevelt's letter in full to those of Progressive

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sympathies who may have been troubled by the reckless asseverations of Messrs. Penrose, Archbold, and Company. We commend it no less to those, whether Progressive or not, who wish to know the truth and who have a constitutional objection, even in matters of political activity, to condemning any one unheard.

NEWSPAPER COMMENT ON CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS

The Archbold-Penrose allegations seem to "Life" "fine for persons who enjoy that sort of reading . . . but to our mind not very important."

But they are important to other minds. How shall a political party be supplied with the "sinews of war"? Of course it must have those sinews. The people must support the political parties.

How has this been done in the past? Let two Knoxville (Tenn.) papers state. A Republican journal, the Knoxville "Journal and Tribune," declares that "the Republican party has been buying its way into power and control with money contributed by the special interests, which it has fostered with favors and protected with legislation." Not to be outdone in honest confession, a Democratic paper, the Knoxville "Sentinel," admits that Democratic campaign funds have been "gathered from about the same sources as the Republican." The paper continues:

> The Jay Goulds and Vanderbilts gave to the Republican party because they expected favors, and to the Democrats because they wished to throw an anchor to windward and assure themselves against the utter withdrawal of favors already secured. The difference was one mainly of amount. . . . The Bryces and Whitneys got less than the Quays, but they did not go away empty-handed from the doors of the then big business.

"Scandal is lively reading, even political scandal, and doubtless the papers are justified"—to quote "Life" again—"in devoting much space to revelations, furnished primarily by one of Mr. Hearst's magazines, of details of Republican financing in the Presidential campaign of 1904." "Life" thus explains the situation:

> Mr. Hearst printed letters to the effect that the Standard Oil Company contributed liberally to the Republican campaign fund in that year. A committee of the Senate investigated, and Mr. Penrose for the Republicans and Mr. Archbold for the Standard Oil admitted that it was true. And there has been assertion that the candidate, Mr. Roosevelt, knew of these contributions and was agreeable, and wanted $150,000 more and did not get it, and for that reason persecuted the Standard Oil Company after his election.

Of course this last accusation is not true. A matter of $150,000 worth of political assistance, more or less, would never have affected President Roosevelt's behavior toward a corporation. He denies that he had anything to do with this Standard Oil money of 1904, or consented to its being received, and has furnished letters he wrote about it to Mr. Cortelyou forbidding him to accept any Standard Oil money.

"But it is impiously suggested," slyly adds "Life," "that these letters were written to be filed, but not otherwise respected, and so on and so on, and, as we write, the headlines are all awhirl with accusation, denial, recrimination, alibis, and general exposure." The Sioux Falls, South Dakota, "Press" (Ind.) "commends these [the Archbold-Penrose letters] to the attention of thoughtful persons who are watching the 'invisible government' as it emerges into the light of day." The New York "Tribune" (Rep.) thus describes them:

> Mr. Archbold testifies that the Standard Oil Company did contribute $125,000 to the Roosevelt campaign in 1904, $100,000 through Cornelius N. Bliss, treasurer of the National Committee, and subsequently $25,000 through Senator Penrose. . . . Mr. Archbold has not been able to lay hand on Mr. Bliss's receipt. . . . The other Standard Oil men who can confirm the fact of the contribution and relate the circumstances should be examined. Pending such confirmation, however, there will be little disposition to doubt the truth of Mr. Archbold's statement that the $100,000 of Standard Oil money went, as is stated, into the Roosevelt campaign fund through Mr. Bliss. Mr. Roosevelt, however, denies that he knew of any such contribution, and so far there is no proof that he did. It is perfectly possible that his campaign managers, being in need of money, got it where they could without telling him anything about it. . . .
>
> It may well be that Mr. Roosevelt's attention was never seriously directed to campaign funds and their possible abuse until almost the end of his campaign, and that he then took such action as seemed sufficient to him to preserve his entire independence. In the absence of any proof that he knew of the Archbold contribution, it is not to be assumed in the face of his denials that he did know of it and that in 1904 he was and ever since has been playing a part of elaborate and sustained hypocrisy.

Just here the Tacoma "Tribune" (Prog.) remarks that "John D. Archbold says he

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does not make a business of telling lies," and adds:

The record appears to show that Archbold makes a business of sending certified checks to corrupt statesmen of the Penrose type.

But a man making a campaign contribution as large as $25,000, comments the Kansas City "Times" (Prog.), "would be likely to mention the purpose of the contribution in the note accompanying the money." The paper further notes:

When Mr. Archbold made his notorious contribution to Senator Penrose, he merely wrote: "In fulfillment of our understanding it gives me pleasure to hand you herewith certificate of deposit to your favor for $25,000, and, with good wishes, I am yours truly."

If that amount really was a campaign contribution, is it not rather odd that the note didn't say so? Or if it was a contribution to the Republican party in Pennsylvania, wasn't Penrose probably all there was to the Republican party in that State?

Mr. Archbold admits, according to the New York "Globe" (Rep.), "that he paid over what he thought was a fair bribe. Penrose confesses that he was broker. Their self-painted portraits make an exhibit of crooked business-politics that answers every requirement." After this event, says the Columbia, South Carolina, "State" (Dem.)

Mr. Archbold sailed for Europe, which impresses an unprejudiced observer as an eminently sensible thing for Mr. Archbold to do.

So much for Messrs. Penrose and Archbold. Now as to Judge Parker. The New York "Tribune" says that Mr. Roosevelt's letters of October 26 and 27, 1904, which "tend to show his desire to be free from Standard Oil entanglements. . . . were written just after the Democrats had begun the attack on the Roosevelt campaign collections, and just as Judge Parker was taking the stump with the sensational charges of corruption and blackmail which he was unable to make good." In that campaign, as the Rochester, New York, "Herald" (Ind.) says, "Mr. Roosevelt was directly charged by Judge Parker, his opponent, with having been aided by corporations and individuals hoping to profit by his administrative acts if he should be elected." But to the charge of Senator Reed, of Missouri, the other day, as quoted by the Chicago "Evening Post" (Prog.), that "Roosevelt did not order Cortelyou to return the Oil Trust's money until the day after Judge Alton B. Parker had made the charge at a mass-meeting in Madison Square Garden, New York, that the trusts were attempting to purchase the Presidency for Roosevelt," the Chicago paper reminds its readers that, as a matter of fact, "the Madison Square speech . . . was not delivered until . . . five days after Colonel Roosevelt's letter ordering the refusal of Standard Oil contributions." The "Post" adds:

Nor was the question of trust contributions made an issue on October 24, as Senator Reed charges. It had been made an issue long before that date by Thomas W. Lawson in his articles on "Frenzied Finance."

From all this the New York "Globe" (Rep.) concludes thus:

When Judge Parker made the charge eight years ago that corporations were making large contributions to the Roosevelt campaign fund with the avowed purpose of buying immunity from interference, he may have had knowledge of what Archbold was trying to do. He could not have known that Colonel Roosevelt ever consented to the acceptance of a bribe. To read the motives of an Archbold or a Penrose required no keen perception. To conclude that they had been successful was an unwarranted assumption.

But this does not end the matter. "Sundry gentlemen are hinting at the contents of their sleeves," notes the Buffalo "Enquirer" (Dem.). "They aver they have much besides elbows up them." The paper continues its picturesque phrases:

Senator Penrose threatens to tell more on Colonel Roosevelt.

Colonel Roosevelt threatens to let loose more facts and fury on Senator Penrose.

William Randolph Hearst threatens to tell on them all.

As Mr. Hearst is in London, he is, according to the Milwaukee "Sentinel" (Rep.), "far enough away to survey this Standard Oil money controversy in the perspective which conduces to breadth and impartiality of view." But the Milwaukee paper adds:

The result of Mr. Hearst's present philosophical detachment will hardly please Judge Parker and other Democrats who are crying out at the Standard Oil contributions in 1904 as something peculiarly Republican. . . .

Very good. In for a penny, in for a pound, say we. Take the lid off this whole business. . . . But what a shock it will be for Judge Parker should the removal of the lid disclose the Democratic dealings with Standard Oil pointed out by Mr. Hearst.

In the result, therefore, as it affects the two old parties, honors seem to be easy, if we may believe the Milwaukee "Sentinel." A few other judges, however, indicate that danger confronts Mr. Roosevelt. On the other hand, a much larger number of papers

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indicate that a triumph awaits him, due to these "exposures." An exponent of the first notion is the New York "Herald" (Ind.). It warns:

Make no mistake. The danger the third-termer is in is now more serious than any he has confronted since the night of November 5, 1904, when, having called Judge Parker "an unqualified and atrocious" liar, he took the gambler's chance that the Judge would not produce the evidence of the $125,000 contribution of the Standard Oil Company to the Republican campaign fund.

The other view is reflected by such a representative Western organ as is the Missoula, Montana. "Missoulian" (Prog.):

What a farce it all is! . . . The case reacts upon the man who started it. Penrose finds he has stirred up a hornet's nest. He discovers that he has not muddied the water sufficiently to conceal his own infamy or his vile purpose. The whole issue of falsehood is built upon the name of a dead man. Were Cornelius Bliss alive, he would not be called as a witness. In that case there would be some other dead man named as the lacking witness.

As to the dead witness, many papers have expressed themselves as does the New York "Commercial" (Ind.):

If Archbold has told the truth, and if Roosevelt and Cortelyou tell the truth, it is certain that a person, than whose reputation in the minds of his fellow-citizens none ever stood higher as a man of spotless personal integrity, was the most shameless of thieves. To protect the reputation of the honored dead, if for no other reason, . . . Theodore Roosevelt's sworn testimony under the searchlight of further probing should be had as soon as possible.

The Chicago "Tribune" (Prog.) agrees to this, as it says:

Boies Penrose, standing at the switchboard, has turned on more light than he intended. The light should be kept on. The switch should be thrown wide open. . . . The committee should be instructed to uncover the whole machinery of Standard Oil politics.

Occasionally one finds some journal—as, for instance, the Springfield, Massachusetts, "Republican"—deploring these exposures because of "the certainty that the contest could not be kept above personalities of this ugly and bitter character." To such complaints the Chicago "Evening Post" (Prog.) thus replies:

Mr. Hearst publishes a lot of letters to Mr. Archbold and to Senator Penrose showing some very questionable dealings between Mr. Penrose and Mr. Archbold. Mr. Penrose replies by a bitter attack on Colonel Roosevelt. And Colonel Roosevelt defends himself. Therefore he is to blame for the whole affair!

The "Republican" was not afraid of "bitter personalities" in the days when Samuel Bowles made it a power against human slavery almost equal to that of Greeley and the New York "Tribune" or Raymond and the New York "Times." It is getting old.

In any event, as the New York "Evening Post" (Ind.) has it:

Among the many oddities of a peculiar Presidential campaign, surely none is more odd than the fact that, at the height of the campaign, a Congressional committee will reconvene to investigate the question whether an important Presidential candidate is a truthful man or not. We state this, not as a controversial argument or as indicating our own belief on the disputed question, but merely as a fact in American history to which future students of that history will look back with astonishment.

They may, but the astonishment will doubtless be aroused by the spectacle of a Congressional committee being used for purposes of partisan "muck-raking."

These particular "exposures" will doubtless end in purifying politics; but it should not be forgotten, as the Louisville "Evening Post" (Ind. Dem.) points out, that there has been "in the past ten years a growing sentiment among thoughtful men against soliciting or accepting large contributions from great business enterprises and great business men who have an interest in legislation and who desire to have friends at court." The paper continues:

One good effect of the changed attitude of the people towards political contributions will be a radical reduction in the expense of the campaign. The legitimate expenses, so called, have been enormous; and they ought to be cut one-half. The illegitimate expenses ought to be eliminated altogether.

The Knoxville "Journal and Tribune" (Rep.) adds:

These exposures are going to have a wonderfully purifying effect upon future campaigns. The people are going to demand the publicity of every dollar expended for campaign purposes, its source, and its uses.

Finally, the Washington "Herald" (Ind.), after recounting the complaint of Mr. Archbold that, though it had contributed to the Roosevelt campaign, the Standard Oil Company was attacked during the Roosevelt Administration, declares:

The example is salutary. It ought to be a lesson to those who give vast sums of money to political committees in the expectation that indulgences will be granted them covering illegitimate acts of wickedness.

Developments like those laid bare during the present campaign must hasten an actual rule by the people themselves.

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PROBLEMS OF THE HOME

DISCUSSED BY OUTLOOK READERS

Articles recently published in The Outlook on various aspects of housekeeping and home efficiency have enlisted many interesting comments from Outlook readers. We print herewith extracts from some of the letters which have been received.—THE EDITORS.

THE HIRED GIRL PROBLEM

An article, "The Experiences of a Hired Girl," published in The Outlook for April 6, 1912, was written by a "hired girl." It was a rejoinder to the many articles which have appeared in the magazines and daily papers from the side of "the lady of the house." The "hired girl's" plea was for a more business-like system in housework.

A PURELY BUSINESS ARRANGEMENT

THE subject is too vital and time is too precious to waste upon serious consideration of the mistress who failed to furnish clean roller-towels for her kitchen, which means not only discomfort for her maids, but danger to the health of her household; nor on the one who dismisses her maid after supper "without an hour's notice, and it may be raining pitchforks, and no reason is given." . . . Neither should much gray matter be exhausted upon the housekeeper who ordered fried apples and baked bananas at the same repast at any hour, on wash-day or any day, short of the Day of Judgment. . . .

On the other hand, there are many genuine trials and discomforts which in her long service she has had to endure, such as slackness in the arrangement of the work of the house, carelessness and indifference about ordering meals and supplies, worn-out and inadequate tools and utensils, and needlessly uncomfortable rooms. . . . We need on each side an interest and sympathy which does not extend to familiarity and intrusiveness—we need a great many things—but just an occasional application of the Golden Rule of the pulpit, with less frequent recourse to the foot-rule of the school-room, would by no means prove a bad starting-point.

FLORA HALE FOSTER.

Marbledale, Massachusetts.

HOME LIFE, NOT BUSINESS

A woman, if she knows anything of housekeeping, will realize that even in the best-regulated families changes of work have to be made, sometimes frequently—time of meals changed in order to make home comfortable for the various members of the family. It is largely due to this fact that a few "rare girls," who do not go out except at the convenience of their mistresses, keep their places. Let us be thankful that there are still a few who consider the mistress, making their time for going out conform to her convenience. These few reap their reward in having, in the long run, more time for leisure than the regulation time of one afternoon every other week. . . .

It seems to me it is just this cry of "business" that is helping to ruin the maids of to-day. They care nothing for the home; they do not look longer upon their mistress's house as their home; they simply look for the "place" in which they can do the least work for the greatest sum of money; using that money for the most fashionable clothes they can get, often spending far more than the mistress whose money they are taking.

Does the maid of to-day ever replace dishes broken, cooking utensils ruined, often after but a few times using, because of carelessness? Does she often tell the mistress that the milk has run short simply because of her neglect to put it in a proper place to keep from souring, or that the biscuits are gone because she burned them? Does it ever occur to the average maid that this waste and breakage—if housework is simply to be treated on a business basis—should be deducted each month from her wages? We all know that there are the mistresses who do deduct breakage, who give the maid an improper place to sleep in, any old chair, bed, or bed-covering; but we also know that the maid is rare indeed to find who takes care of her mistress's goods, furniture, and food as though they were her own. . . .

If any way or means could be devised to teach these house-workers that clothes that are good enough for our houses are good enough to appear outside in; that the house in which they work is to be their home, which

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they are to care for as their own; that the mistress for whom they work is in most cases ready to do as much, and usually far more, for the maid than the maid does for her mistress; that we all demand respectability, and that our standards of respectability must be accepted and followed rather than theirs; and if a sufficient number of people should band together to work for themselves until maids could be made to realize these things, and to realize that every one who keeps help is not a millionaire simply because owning a house and keeping a helper—then the help question would be at least bettered.

Do away with treating housework as a business; let us think of the home side, and strive to make more home life—even at the expense of doing our own work rather than rushing into apartments or boarding-houses, sending the washing to the laundry, buying bread and cake from the baker, and all the rest of it that goes with housekeeping, when the maid takes it into her head to leave. . . .

Weston, Massachusetts. (Mrs.) S. W. MEAD.

MISTRESS AND MAID

The mistress of a home needs to elevate the entire machinery of her household by scientific methods and common sense, recognizing the same economic value all the way along the line that a thorough business man sees in the operation of his factory or the management of his office; supplying herself with all the means possible for successful results in her home affairs, just as the man of her family provides himself with all that is necessary to his business situation. . . .

However, there is another side to the question that is due to the very same causes.

In the experience of many householders we find that the girls who might make efficient domestic servants are discarding the wholesome atmosphere of good homes and a line of work conducive to their higher development to take up other employment in which they are greatly exposed to many unpleasant situations, and in which they serve merely as human machines with a very limited exercise of intelligence and practically no expression of originality or individuality. . . .

Girls who serve the public need to know that in many instances when they leave a good home for supposed higher wages in factory or store they are not only mistaken in their venture as to the economic proposition, but as to many other points of the situation.

For example, a girl of whom I have information, and who represents a large class, was well established in a fine home on a very good wage, with comfortable room, and table in quality the same as provided for the family. She had the use of the sewing-machine, and was given certain afternoons and evenings to herself. But she developed a feverish desire to go into a factory, where she could get a wage double the amount she was receiving, and she could not be convinced that she would make the change against her own best interests. The result was a total failure of her life; nothing left to speak of after paying for board and room, and broken health and final incapacity for service of any kind. . . .

Lancaster, Ohio. ELLA C. GIESY.

SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT IN THE HOME

In The Outlook for April 13 there appeared an article by Mr. John B. Guernsey entitled "Scientific Management in the Home," one of a series of papers on "Home-Making the Woman's Profession." It showed how the much-discussed "scientific management" could be applied to housekeeping: first, the providing of food—the purchase of materials, the preparation for cooking, the cooking itself, the service; second, the providing of clothing and shelter, the laundering and repairing of clothes, the making of beds, the cleaning, heating, and lighting of houses, etc. The article has enlisted a number of sharp rejoinders. First of all we print

WHAT A RANCH WOMAN SAYS

I am just an ordinary ranch woman, living in an irrigated section of Washington, but the article on "Scientific Management in the Home" in a recent number put me quite out of sorts, and I must speak for the average farm woman.

The article was read the evening preceding wash-day. . . .

If I had been able to make a time schedule of that day it would have shown my reason, but I had no time to watch the clock nor to write down figures. So without the figures let me tell you some of the items entering into the day's work.

Prepared breakfast—I got my wash-water on, skimmed my milk, let my little chickens out of their night coops, and looked at my incubators.

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Washed dishes—stopping to pound clothes in the boiler and wait upon an invalid mother.

Began washing, which should have been finished in so many hours, but these were some of my interruptions:

Helped my sister hitch up and start for school.
Helped father look after the sitting hens and take off the chicks.
Fed chicks breakfast, filling tanks with water and boxes with bran.
Turned eggs in incubators.
Cut green feed for old hens.
Mixed bread and later baked it.
Attended to irrigating water on garden and lawn at least a half dozen times.
Three trips to basement to regulate incubators.
As many times to care for chicks.
Filling an order for eggs.
Running in to see a "brand new" baby next door and bringing away the "next littlest" one.
Calls innumerable from baby and the invalid mother, who did her best to entertain him.

That is enough without following me further. I got through the day. We all do, and many women have more cares than I.

I realize that these outside duties would not be included in the work of a maid, who could be more of a machine. Her work would be finished early and she would have considerable leisure, while I get very little. But we ranch women need the money which comes from chickens, and must do our share of the work if we want garden or lawn.

Do not these duties constitute the real essence of home-making? Could they possibly be arranged for? We never have two days alike, and always something unexpected.

While mixing my bread I made this comparison. A housewife's work is like bread; the regular duties are the moisture and very necessary, but made to be of real value when mixed stiff with interruptions, the two together making a whole which serves the family and fills its place in the community.

Grandview, Washington. A RANCHER.

NOT HER HUSBAND'S PARTNER

Having worked for seven years, combining, in a necessarily higgledy-piggledy fashion—as most housekeepers are obliged to—the incompatible functions of mother and general servant-girl, I am always on the alert for helpful suggestions looking toward a readjustment of household labor.

Mr. Guernsey's article I concluded with a sigh of despair; it seemed to me that the author utterly fails to grasp the essential features of the housekeeper's difficulties.

Let me compare his attitude of vague optimism—born, I feel sure, of total inexperience—with that of Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon, who published not long ago a suggestive article about home-making. Mrs. Bacon had employed a housekeeper who objected to her job with the plea that she was "always being interrupted." "But," replied Mrs. Bacon (and here comes the most astute comment I've ever read about this traditional woman's business), "that's just what housekeeping is—isn't it?—a series of interruptions."

If it seemed so to Mrs. Bacon, employing four servants and having an ample income at her command, what must it seem to the mother of three or four little children trying to do all the household drudgery and properly care for her babies at the same time?

One of the chief reasons why housekeeping cannot be put on a scientific business basis is because a house has to be run to suit individuals, and not, like other businesses, to suit the community. A home is not successful unless it does suit the individuals who live in it; but, as these individuals are bound to be different in each family and to have different tastes and habits, it would seem impossible ever to get a class of workers who would be either able or willing, chameleon-like, to change themselves radically to suit the requirements of each new employer.

Housework consists of a series of attempts to do something in an orderly, systematic way subject to constant interruptions and carried on in the midst of unavoidable annoyances and perplexities, accompanied usually by anxiety regarding money. The woman who, combining the work of general servant and mother, manages to conduct a home in any degree successfully is one of the most indispensable social units of a State; but she is—I insist upon this, and so does many another woman with whom I have discussed the subject—virtually an industrial slave.

She is not, in the proper sense of the word, her husband's partner, for rarely does he give her a fair or regular amount for her work. . . . MRS. G.

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

This letter might be an eye-opener for some husbands. Every husband ought to provide his wife with an income for the household expenses. How a woman who has to keep house without an income can manage—and there is many a woman of that sort—is a marvel. Let this wife, however, remember that housekeeping is not the only business subject to interruption and to the whims of individuals. Part of her problem is to provide regularly for the irregu-

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larities of her profession. In that respect it is like every other business.—THE EDITORS.

WHY ELIMINATE THE MOTHER?

Surely no experienced and sane housekeeper would undertake to run a home along any such lines as the author of "Scientific Management in the Home" describes. . . . He eliminates from his "system" the most difficult department of all—that of the mother. Imagine John home from school demanding cookies and bread and butter beyond the allotment, Mary flatly refusing her allotment of beans and demanding extra potatoes, Jennie turning her back on the soup service for the day, and the master himself refusing to accept a warmed-over dish! And how about the unexpected guest (or guests) brought home to the unprepared mistress by that same master? Suppose Biddy declines the "discipline" and burns out the allotment of coal in a red-hot range at 4 P.M. while the mistress is busy with a visitor in the parlor, and there's a cold stove for the 7 P.M. dinner? And so on *ad infinitum* from week's end to week's end. Then the system of extra wages for every extra service; and weighing the laundry! Alack and alas! save us from the folly of the uninformed! ELLA F. PELL.

Fishkill-on-Hudson, New York.

WHY DRAW A BABY CARRIAGE BY A STEAM LOCOMOTIVE?

For the ordinary family to adopt the plan of standardization would be about as practical as coupling a steam locomotive to a baby carriage! . . .

What cook would substitute soda for baking-powder or leave out the shortening? Or what person with the most meager baking experience would possibly consume seventeen minutes in mixing up a batch of biscuits when five minutes would be ample time without any effort at standardization?

The analogy of the home to the factory is absurd. In no business are the activities of one person so varied, so interrupted, and so dependent upon circumstances as those of a housewife.

Shall we turn our homes into factories or hotels for the sake of a few doubtful dollars and cents, and thereby lose that indefinable charm of home which springs from its endeavor to minister to the varying needs of its members? The idea of having standard-sized containers for serving soup, etc., may look well in print, but it would prove wasteful and unsatisfactory. Fancy serving the same quantity to the nervous, dyspeptic father as to his sturdy son of eighteen fresh from a football game! . . .

MRS. HARRY J. DUNHAM.

Chicago, Illinois.

GAZING OUT OF THE WINDOW

I started to read what Mr. Guernsey has to say with joy that some one was advocating system in household management. . . . Its tendency is aptly illustrated in the author's sample "time study" for making baking-powder biscuits. After detailing the steps of a typical method of procedure, he points out that "time could be saved in items two, three," etc. Item two we find to be, "Stands gazing out of the window" opposite the horrible total, "one hundred and two seconds." One hundred and two seconds lost in getting those biscuits into the oven!

And for one hundred and two seconds lost, the pleasure of the eye and spirit in, perhaps, the flash of a bluebird in a blossoming plum tree; the glow of the sunset sky; a quickening breath of spring from the garden.

Is this sort of scientific management worth while? Do we wish the work in our homes to degenerate into mere cold, mechanical accomplishment of given tasks? Surely, if it were to do so, home-making would lose its most precious essence—the freedom and the satisfying possibilities of normal human work under normal conditions. System, rampant, invites us to curb that freedom and to annihilate the satisfaction of creating by reducing creation to line and rule. No more such pleasure as we have been wont to take in stooping to sniff the warm fragrance of the sweet brown loaves just out of the oven, for we should thereby lose a valuable second! . . .

Yet in The Outlook of April 6 Dr. Max G. Schlapp warns us against a very real enemy, the "tension of modern life." "Everywhere the cry is for greater efficiency. . . . All the thought, all the suggestion of the multifarious lines of human activity, teach the doctrine of maximum effort. . . . Neurasthenia comes to us by the extraordinary, ceaseless activity which these generations of men through the grind of their remorseless industrialism have made the law of life." Is not this the result which we can reasonably expect from a like "remorseless industrialism" in our homes? Mr. Schlapp's whole article is a protest against women's following this terrible pace; yet we are urged

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to bring "efficiency" as the one slogan into the woman's stronghold.

Womanly instinct cries out against such a reduction of home-making to scientific cut-and-dried, system-ridden housekeeping. Let us have system, indeed, but let us remember that system was made for us, not we for system. . . .

DOROTHY WATKINS.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

THEORY VERSUS PRACTICE

I am a graduate of the Normal Domestic Science course as given at Pratt Institute, and have had several years of housekeeping, during which time I have tried, and with some measure of success, to carry my scientific methods into my home. Still Mr. Guernsey's theory of "Scientific Management in the Home" seems to me far too theoretical to be of practical home use. He writes at some length of the benefits to be derived from standardization, and suggests a series of twelve correctly planned dinners, to be indexed and served by number. This might be practical if the persons for whom the dinners were prepared did not crave variety; and, judging from my own experience, I feel certain they would soon clamor for the soup of No. 6, the entrée of No. 5, the roast of No. 11, etc. Mr. Guernsey does not content himself with a standardized dinner alone; he standardizes our breakfasts and luncheons as well. It is here I ask for enlightenment. What is to be done with the fragments of these standardized meals? Theoretically there are no fragments. Still, a home is not a hotel, which Mr. Guernsey takes for his model, and we cannot standardize the friends who may unexpectedly join us in partaking of dinner No. 10, or the members of our own family who, owing to unusual circumstances, may crave more or less than the standard portions. There is more of thought and science required to combine the unused fragments of yesterday's meal into an appetizing dish for to-morrow than in the stereotyped preparation of two standard dinners. The human body is a machine, it is true, and as such requires proper fuel, but it is a machine possessed of a personality that demands a variety of fuel. Theoretically we could live on certain proportions of proteid, fat, carbohydrate, mineral matter, and water administered like so much medicine. Practically we could not, as the tempting of the appetite is a factor that must be taken into consideration.

At the outset of his article Mr. Guernsey differentiates between the duties of a mother and a housekeeper. The duties of the latter he defines as "providing food and headquarters and a shelter for the family." The very word "family" signifies a group of individuals of differing ages and occupations. Now it is a well-known dietetic fact that different ages and occupations require different foods. How, then, would standardized meals be adapted to a family?

In another paragraph Mr. Guernsey says, "Have all accounts charged, and pay by check." He had just spoken of the advantages of wholesale trading, and in such cases it is immaterial whether cash or check is used. But the average family cannot buy meat wholesale, and here I disagree emphatically with Mr. Guernsey as to the advantage of credit. I have never known it to fail that a charge account with a butcher for a certain period is larger than a cash account for the same length of time. One does not buy with the same care or figure the cost so closely when not doing so day by day. Personally, I find a grocery bill mounts up much more rapidly when paid monthly than when paid daily.

MRS. GEORGE C. ANDREWS.

Fulton, New York.

PSEUDO-SCIENTISTS

Cooking. Among other things, Mr. Guernsey intimates that a series of tests should be made to determine under what conditions the most heat can be obtained from the least coal. If this suggestion were at all intended to be taken seriously, he should have gone further and given detailed instructions as to the method of making the tests. It is generally recognized that the determination of calorific values calls for the greater skill of an engineer. To be consistent, he should also have recommended that, inasmuch as the quantity of heat is dependent both upon the quality of the fuel and the effectiveness of the stove, all the available kinds of coal and makes of stoves should be tested. . . .

Service. While the importance of written instructions in industrial organizations is generally recognized, obvious duties are always left to common sense and judgment. . . . The suggestion that, after determining upon a standard portion to be served to each member, the housekeeper should "provide a measure of just that capacity and mark it plainly with a serial number and direct how it should be used," is carrying the theory to an absurdity. . . .

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Standardization. In introducing the subject "standards of time" Mr. Guernsey intimates that, as in the control of industrial operations, so the home is confronted with the necessity for "time studies, a planning department, functional foremanship, improvements in shop methods, and an improved wage system." It should hardly be necessary to point out that this classification was never intended by Mr. Taylor to apply except in industrials where the number of workers is such that ordinary supervision cannot insure satisfactory results. Efficiency engineers recognize that in a shop employing few men scientific management, as such, is an unnecessary burden and expense. Even the Tabor Manufacturing Company of Philadelphia, with whom these principles have been worked out most thoroughly, finds that the system does not pay when the number of workmen is low, in this case approximately one hundred.

Time Studies. Theoretically, time studies can be made of the simplest tasks, but where nothing practical is to be gained they are worse than useless. Mr. Guernsey gives a typical time study covering the task of "mixing and baking ordinary soda biscuit." If an experienced housekeeper does not know with reasonable accuracy how long it should take to perform such a common operation, she is at the mercy of the cook, and no analysis of the work into seventeen distinct steps will change the situation. . . .

Selection of Workers. As to the selection of workers, since when has a trained housekeeper failed to recognize an efficient servant almost at first sight—certainly within a short time after employment? The real problem seems to be to find servants who have average qualifications and to retain them after they have been secured.

There is no question that the average household is extravagantly managed. The evil, however, cannot be remedied by pseudo-scientists.

ELLOUISE B. AND LAURITZ A. LARSEN.
New York City.

MR. GUERNSEY IN THE HOUSEWIFE'S PLACE

Mr. Guernsey has undertaken to point out in a classified way the duties of the housekeeper or servant. He outlines the main features of housekeeping, such as the cooking, chamber work, cleaning house, but the thousand and one miscellaneous things that a thorough housekeeper must do he neglects to take into consideration. Even that in itself shows the article was written from a man's standpoint decidedly. How many men I have heard tell their wives that *they* could do the work in half the time; put to the test, when wife gets sick, they give it up as a bad job after the first day's trial. It is easy—on paper and for a man—to separate the duties of mother and housekeeper. Since in the majority of cases the mother is housekeeper, it becomes another matter in actual practice. Mother likes to experiment and try new ways, but if in the midst of a "time test" such as is suggested Johnny cuts a finger, or baby falls downstairs, or Susie gets into the garbage-can, or the telephone rings, or father wants a button sewed on, or the tea-kettle boils over, or a thousand other possible interruptions occur, mother's time test will wait a more convenient season. . . .

Instead of showing that time is lost making biscuit in a very inconvenient kitchen—which fact is obvious—Mr. Guernsey would materially aid housewives if he would draw up a plan for a standard kitchen, and teach carpenters how to build one. In his typical time study of making biscuit he has the poor worker "go and get" eight times out of the seventeen items, when all could have been done while sitting on a stool, without even getting on to her feet. For some reason she must stop and wash her hands in the midst of the operation, and go to the pantry for a towel—a most unlikely place. She butters the pan, which is not necessary, and leaves out the shortening entirely!

Had the mistress of that house arranged it in the building process, things might have been different. A kitchen must be arranged and planned out before being built. In this day of swinging flour-bins and built-in cupboards the housekeeper who would keep her flour in a sack in the storeroom is hopeless, so far as Mr. Guernsey's plan is concerned.

It may be interesting to hear the outcome of tests of the plan by housewives. But it would be fascinating to watch Mr. Guernsey take some mother and housewife's place for a month and work out his own plan!

El Centro, California. EMMA L. PACKARD.

A MAN'S VIEW OF THE STANDARDIZED HOME

My own six years' experience at the boards of hotels, restaurants, and the like leads me to believe that the extreme sameness of meals

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offered at such places is the strongest force in our society, aside from the natural human instincts, for heading serious young men toward matrimony.

Does the writer assume that a man of hearty appetite will be satisfied with the same number of ounces of steak for dinner after he has spent a day or a large portion of it in the open air as will satisfy him after he has been in the office for eight hours? Picture a lawyer who has worked over the points of law of a case all day Monday and Tuesday. Whatever his standard may be, he will not particularly relish a heavy steak for dinner on Tuesday evening. But suppose that on Wednesday he drives in the country all day in a cold, raw wind. When he has finished his standard dinner for that evening, he learns that not another morsel has been prepared for him. Can you conceive that man attiring himself in *negligée* costume to spend a quiet and restful evening with his family, or is the gnawing of honest and unsatisfied hunger going to send him discontentedly to the buffet for an unstinted steak and a drink to help him forget about his domestic problem?

Or let us take the case of a man who is a cog in a machine and works each day under the same kind of conditions. Is he going to have the same degree of appetite on a dark, rainy day that he has in bright, clear weather? Perhaps he will acquire a habit if fed by standard that will become stronger than changing freakish desires that arise from day to day. I am not a mechanic, but I have had some experience in running the motor of a gasoline pleasure boat. I have found that, running at full speed, I have never been able to make a certain fifteen-mile trip in exactly the same number of minutes or with the same amount of gasoline. Greatest speed and efficiency are obtained with one set of regulations under high atmospheric pressure, and another set of regulations is best for a day of low pressure. So too does the machine have to be "tuned up" one way in the cool of early morning and evening, and in another way at midday. For financial reasons only can a living human being afford to make himself less sentimental and more mechanical than a gasoline engine? . . .

ROBERT DE HEITSCH.

East Jordan, Michigan.

THE HOME AND THE CHILD

In December, 1911, The Outlook began the publication of a series of articles on the management of the home. The series was entitled "Home-Making the Woman's Profession." As opposed to the common view that the housewife's work is drudgery, the series was printed to show that there is a better way, and that, in its course, there is no more drudgery for the housewife and for the mother of children than there is in any other work. As to the children, in The Outlook for May 11 there appeared an article by Martha Bensley Bruère entitled "Launching the Child." This contribution, like its predecessors by the same author on "Home Efficiency," "What is the Home For?" "The New Home-Making," "The Cost of Children," etc., found much sympathetic and some unsympathetic reading.

GUIDING THE CHILD

Mrs. Bruère's article in The Outlook of May 11 appeals in a very intimate way to educators. Her remedy for conditions as they exist, if strictly applied, would, of course, be impossibly drastic. The risk involved in a predetermination of the future vocational environment of any child by a mentor acting for society is one which society without doubt would be unwilling to assume.

But the trend of secondary education, in the West at least, is apparently forcing the initiation of such work as is being done by the Vocation Bureau of Boston and by similar bureaus. Special vocational schools are springing up, and most high school courses are being shaped to meet near or remote vocational needs. It is thus desirable for most students, and necessary for many, to make a tentative choice of vocation near the beginning of adolescence. At present the student has no basis on which to make such a selection except the vague misconceptions of parents and teachers, his own limited personal experience, and his immature unwisdom.

A necessary corollary of the organization of high school courses along vocational lines is therefore the organization in each school system of a department of vocational guidance, which shall undertake many of the things which the vocation bureau is at present doing. . . .

Under this plan society would not say to the student through its mentor, "Here is the greatest need. You must prepare yourself to meet it." But it says, through an

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intimate adviser in whom the student has confidence: "You are, or may be if you know, interested in this vocation or group of vocations. Well, the pursuit of them offers such and such rewards. It demands such and such qualities. It fulfills such and such needs of society. It will be advisable for you to prepare yourself for one of the allied vocations in this group. If you and your parents agree with me, or if I can persuade you to agree with me, such and such courses and subjects and mode of life should enter into your preparation." Or perhaps, "You want to enter that profession. Do you know that you will probably work for a pittance? That there is already an enormous over-supply of the members of that profession? That success in it requires a rugged physique and good eyesight, neither of which you possess? Or that your deep-seated habit of generously and unreservedly bestowing your confidence upon strangers would prove ruinous to you there?" If the boy, having become convinced of the force of these and other obstacles, still persists in an effort to overcome them for the sake of entering a vocation to which he is attracted, he deserves to win, and the chances are that he will, and will furnish one of the exceptionally efficient individuals of whom every vocation stands so much in need. But if he is an average boy (of whom the Lord has made so many), he will probably be diverted to a field of endeavor in which he is apparently better qualified to succeed. . . .

Gardena, California. ROBERT J. TEALL.

A PLAINT FROM FLORIDA

I am a quiet, usually undemonstrative woman, wife of one of those "eliminated men" whom "no amount of brain and muscle can lift to the point of social efficiency" . . . a workman, proud to number among his co-laborers thousands of men of splendid brain power, and as his wife I should like some one to rise and explain why, from the amount of brain and muscle necessary to follow his trade, he should not receive in return sufficient remuneration to enable him to support his family in comfort.

Why, in the name of humanity, in the name of all that is just and right, should he have long hours, insufficient pay, with no holidays? . . .

I fail utterly to see how a "spirit of hope" and "ambition to succeed" may be nourished by "grasping the Christ idea of better things beyond." Say rather, it is only the Christ-like spirit that could enable one to endure the unnecessary stress of living at the present time.

I am glad there is one woman "efficient" enough and courageous enough to present the case as Martha Bensley Bruère has done.

Orlando, Florida. LILLIAN M. HARDY.

HUMAN VS. MECHANICAL ORGANISM

To one who believes, as I do, that the family, not the individual, is the unit on whose welfare and character depend (humanly speaking) that of both Church and State, whatever affects the family life is of vital consequence. So I turned with eager interest to the first of Mrs. Bruère's articles on "Home Efficiency." Feeling that she ought not to be judged by the first article only, I read carefully—sometimes indignantly—the others. I do not wonder that, as she says, the one phrase (making efficiency depend upon income) "has been a regular Benjamin Franklin's kite to draw thunderbolts."

In her first article the nearest she comes to defining an efficient home is, "The home is a machine by which we are to return to the community what it has a right to expect from us, and efficient or not, according to its social output." She illustrates by two families of entirely different ideas of life and in very different circumstances. She commends them (rather grudgingly) that they have both "made their homes turn out the sort of product they intended," but asks, "Was either of these homes really efficient?" . . .

The Wellses have furnished the State three citizens to take the place of two; other things being equal, a gain of fifty per cent. But they have done more; they have given their children a college education, with all the opportunity for culture and wider outlook that that training may give; a gain not easily expressed in terms of percentage. The training in habits of economy and thrift is for the welfare of the State; are we not told that it is such training that has given France her recuperative power?

The other family, the Parnells, furnish the State four citizens to take the place of two, a gain of one hundred per cent; their children also have college training. In their nineteen years of home life they "have gradually changed their open prairie into fields and farms." Ought not that to count as

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part of their efficiency? That they go "splashing through life, having a good time while they are at it," may be a valuable asset in and to the community. They could hardly have a good time without associating with others. The good actually wrought by their free and easy, sunshiny living, just as truly as that wrought by the thrift and economy of the Wellses, depends on the soul and spirit of the life. . . .

The home is not a mere machine; it is a living organism. I agree that it is "not a self-sufficient dissociated fact," but I do think it is efficient often "through its own internal harmony." "The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven." If the home has in it "loyal affection, clear perception of real values, plenty of humor, and that wholesomeness of tone and spirit which breeds health, courage, and character," is it not efficient in the highest sense? . . .

M. M.

Riverside, California.

ARE THE JAPANESE MORAL?

BY GEORGE KENNAN

IN two previous articles[1] I have tried to clear up two widely prevalent misconceptions in regard to the Japanese—the first in regard to their inscrutability, the second in regard to their honesty. The last misconception that I shall deal with relates to their moral code and their spiritual ideals. I have left wholly unnoticed serious misconceptions with regard to their apparently impenetrable reticence and reserve, their alleged conceit, their imitativeness and lack of invention, the mask of smiles with which they hide their grief, their aggressive ambition, the alleged looseness of their ideas with regard to relations of sex, and many more that I cannot even enumerate. But when uninformed or race-prejudiced men have piled up a mountain of misconceptions, it is impossible in two or three articles to remove them all.

There is a widely prevalent opinion that the moral code and spiritual ideals of the Japanese are wholly incompatible with ours, and that in their attitude toward foreigners, toward the morality of the individual, the rights of others, and the sanctity of the family they differ so radically from us that we can neither understand them nor enter into sympathetic relations with them. The author of "The Valor of Ignorance" assures us that "in the racially different characters of the Americans and the Japanese no harmonious similarity exists—only divergent and incompatible ideals." If, however, General Lea did not himself have the valor of ignorance, he would hardly make a statement that is so wide of the truth. The eminent Japanese Fukuzawa, the founder of a university in Tokyo, and one of the most influential educators in modern Japan, drew up, some years ago, a moral code for the Japanese which represents, probably, the best teaching of the Empire in that field. At any rate, after the author's death the code was translated into English and sent as an exhibit to the Anglo-Japanese Exposition held in London last year. I wish I had space for a complete reproduction of it; but I will give a few brief extracts covering some of the points upon which the moral teaching of the Japanese and the Americans is said to be most divergent and incompatible.

The code says: "The number of nations in the world is by no means small, and they differ from us in religion, language, color, and customs; yet they are our brothers. In our intercourse with them there should be no partiality, and no attempt at swaggering or boastfulness. Treat others with trustfulness. If you trust others, they will trust you in return.

"It is an act of humanity, and one of the highest of human virtues, to extend to others that love which we feel for ourselves; to lighten the burdens and promote the happiness of our fellow-men.

"Society having as its units both individuals and families, it should be borne in mind that the foundation of a healthy society is the independence and self-respect of the family as well as of the individual. To treat women as if they were inferior to men is a barbarous custom. Men and women belonging to a civilized society should love and respect one another as equals, each sex realizing its own

[1] "Can We Understand the Japanese?" in The Outlook of August 10, and "Are the Japanese Honest?" in The Outlook of August 31.

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independence and self-respect. Inasmuch as marriage is one of the most serious events in human life, great caution should be observed in the choice of a partner. All human relations have their origin in marriage—in the loving and respectful cohabitation, till death comes to separate them, of husband and wife, neither of whom should interfere with the independence and self-respect of the other.

"It is the duty of men living to-day never to allow intellectual development or moral culture to slacken, and to improve the civilization and happiness they have received from their forefathers so that they may hand them on unimpaired to their posterity."

Such, in part, is the moral teaching of Japan to-day. In what respect is it incompatible with the highest American ideals? It may be objected, however, that such moral instruction as this is for show; that it is intended to make an impression on foreigners; and that the Japanese themselves do not take it seriously. This objection would never be made by one who really knows the Japanese, but it may easily be answered. No nation ever teaches to its children in the public schools rules of conduct which it does not itself approve, and which it regards as inapplicable to the serious business of life. The Japanese drill their children in the essential principles of the Fukuzawa moral code through eight years of public school instruction; and in the text-book which finally sums up this long course of ethical training the character of an ideal Japanese is set forth as follows:

"A good Japanese is one who fulfills all his duties to his parents, brothers, sisters, and relations; who never forgets the veneration due his ancestors; who as master is kind and considerate to his servants; who as servant is faithful to his master. He will never forget benefits conferred upon him. He will act straightforwardly in all things, scrupulously observing his agreements, and acting in a generous, large-minded way to others. He will be kind and charitable, a respecter of what is right, and full of compassion for the unfortunate. He will hold in high esteem public order, devising schemes for furthering the progress of society, and careful not to be guilty of any impropriety, even in his dealings with foreigners.

"A good Japanese develops his physical powers; stores his mind with useful knowledge; and cultivates courage, endurance, self-control, moderation, modesty, and self-examination. He forms useful habits, practices virtue, applies his mind to the practical application of learning, and devises measures of self-development and continual progress. A good Japanese thinks highly of country, and, by cultivating a spirit of loyalty and patriotism, strives to fulfill all the obligations of a good citizen. In this manner should we develop our own personality, raise families, and do all that is required of us to benefit the world and our fellow-men."

Such is the instruction given to Japanese scholars in the public schools; and yet, according to General Lea, the people who train their children in this way, and who hold up to their young men this model of a perfect character, are so different from Americans that between them "no harmonious similarity exists—only divergent and incompatible ideals."

To a dispassionate foreigner who is not blinded by race prejudice or race antipathy three of the most striking and unlooked-for traits in the character of the Japanese are sentiment, generosity, and emotional magnanimity. Before I made their acquaintance I myself thought of them as hard, practical, materialistic, unemotional, and extremely reticent in the expression of what feeling they had. But I came to know them better. Let me give, in conclusion, a few illustrations of these characteristics.

In the year 1905 the Japanese cruiser Katori visited England and had a series of gun trials off the village of Charlton Kings, near Cheltenham. The Japanese officers were entertained on shore in the house of an English gentleman named E. Boyce Podmore, and there they learned to know and love Mr. Podmore's twelve-year-old son Robert—or, as they called him, "Bob." In 1907—two years and a half later—the boy died. The Katori at that time was on the other side of the world: but her officers heard of Bob's death, and in August, 1908, they caused to be erected in the parish church of Charlton Kings a memorial window with the following inscription:

The southeast window in the chancel of this church was erected by Engineer-Captain Fujii and brother officers of the Imperial Japanese Navy, in loving remembrance of their dear friend "Bob," their companion on the gun trials of the Katori.

ROBERT BUCKLEY PODMORE
Born June 6, 1893
Died August 14, 1907
"Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day."

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The memorial ceremony was attended by Captain Tochinai and Lieutenant Tanaka, from the Japanese Embassy in London, and by Commander Makihara and Lieutenant Inegawa, of the Japanese navy.

It was only an English boy that died, but his Japanese friends on the other side of the world remembered him and showed their remembrance and love in the best way they could.

On the 24th of October, 1909, a commercial delegation of business men from Osaka, headed by Baron Shibusawa, visited the last resting-place of Commodore Perry, at Newport, Rhode Island, and laid on his grave a wreath of laurel and roses, tied with the colors of Japan.

On the 28th of January, 1910, Baron Kikuchi, former Minister of Education in Japan, made a special trip to New Brunswick, New Jersey, in order to lay a wreath of flowers on the grave of Dr. David Murray, of Rutgers College, who helped the Japanese to modernize their public schools nearly forty years ago.

In a recent letter to the Rev. Henry Loomis, of Tokyo, a Japanese, after expressing Japan's friendship for the United States, said in quaint English, "We are the people who long remember the good received, and soon forget the evil incurred, if any."

But it is not only their friends whom they remember. They pay tributes of respect also to the gallant enemies whom they have learned to esteem. On the 5th of May, last year, Captain Vladimir Semenof, of the Imperial Russian navy, died in St. Petersburg and was buried in the Alexander Nevski monastery. He fought the Japanese in the great battle of the Japan Sea, when he was one of the officers of the flagship Kniaz Suvorof. He was an enemy, but he was a gallant and honorable man, and Lieutenant Tanaka, of the Imperial Japanese navy, attended his funeral and laid a wreath of white roses on his grave.

On the 27th of September, 1909, the Japanese in Nagasaki honored their dead enemies by holding a solemn religious service in front of a monument erected there to the memory of two hundred and fifty Russian sailors who, at the battle of the Japan Sea, refused to surrender and went down with their ship.

In the very first week of the Russo-Japanese War the Russian cruiser Variag was attacked and sunk by the Japanese squadron of Admiral Uriu, in the Korean harbor of Chemulpo. The Japanese raised her, repaired her, and put her again in commission. On the 1st of December, 1908, she happened to visit Chemulpo under the Japanese flag, and at the very place where she had gone to the bottom under the fire of the Japanese her new officers and men held a Shinto religious service in honor of the Russian sailors who perished when she sank. Captain (now Admiral) Takarabe, who conducted the service, said:

"The brave men who died on this ship in the fight with his Majesty's squadron did for their sovereign just what we tried to do for ours. Enemies of our country though they were, we felt in our hearts sincere admiration for their noble devotion. Happening, by the strange irony of fate, to be visiting the scene of their heroic sacrifice on board the same vessel on which they fought, how can we help being deeply touched by sympathy and respect for their departed souls?"

But the Japanese are capable of feeling sympathy not only for their enemy's soldiers and sailors, but for their enemy's spies. On the 28th of September, 1904, they captured at Yentai, in Manchuria, a Russian spy named Vassili Liubof. The spy was tried by court martial, found guilty, and shot. After the execution the officers of the Japanese army sent to the officers of the Russian army, under a flag of truce, the following letter:

Vassili Liubof, thirty-three years old, a private in the Cheliabinski regiment, disguised as a Chinese farmer, was captured by our army on September 28. He confessed to the fact that he had volunteered his services and had been sent within our picket line to ascertain the movements and disposition of our army. After trial by court martial, he was sentenced to death, and on the 30th he was executed. In communicating this incident to your army, we cannot but express the wish that your army may possess many soldiers as worthy and honorable as was this Liubof. Prior to the execution, when asked if he wanted to say anything, he replied that he had nothing to say, as he was dying for the Czar, his country, and his religion. He was then told that his parents and his wife would be informed of his unflinching loyalty to his country and of his heroic death, and was asked if he had anything more to communicate to them. He replied in the negative, and added that he was not able sufficiently to express his gratitude to us. Asking our permission, he crossed himself, knelt down, and prayed in silence. Our sympathy for this ideal soldier, in whom were embodied such loyal and grand thoughts, was inexpressible.

Such is the spirit of the Japanese samurai. Is it the spirit of all nations in the Occident?

On the 2d of October, 1780, we hanged, at Tappan on the Hudson, a British spy

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by the name of Major John André. He was a gallant and accomplished officer, a poet, and a musician; and George Washington, who approved the death sentence, admitted that the prisoner was "more unfortunate than criminal." He died on the scaffold, bravely and calmly. Did the officers of the Revolutionary army, in the hot blood and aroused passion of the struggle, send a letter to the officers of the British army, congratulating them upon having in their ranks so ideal a soldier, and expressing the hope that they had many more? If so, history has failed to record the fact. We did not even give André a soldier's death, but hanged him on a scaffold, like a common murderer. I am glad to be able to say, however, for the honor of our country, that after we had won our independence, after the bitter feeling excited by the struggle had subsided, we did erect a monument to André on the spot where he was captured.

One more illustration of Japanese magnanimity, and I shall have done.

When General Stoessel surrendered Port Arthur, he asked General Nogi if he would not have the remains of the Russian dead collected from the bare, shell-plowed Manchurian hills and have them decently and respectfully buried. General Nogi replied that he would—and he did. But the generous spirit of the Japanese was not satisfied with this. At a cost of forty thousand yen, they erected a stone monument over the bodies of the Russian soldiers, and in April, 1907, it was unveiled. Most of the Japanese division commanders who had taken part in the siege were present, and General Nogi himself wished to conduct a Shinto religious service in honor of the spirits of his dead enemies. He had lost both of his sons in the war—one at Nanshan, and the other at the storming of Two Hundred and Three Meter Hill—and yet this bereaved and sorrowful father wished to honor in this way the memory of the men who had made him childless in his old age. His offer to conduct personally a Shinto service, however, was disapproved by the Russian priests who were present, on the ground that anything of the kind would be heathenish. The monument was unveiled, therefore, with the ceremonies of the Russo-Greek Church only. It bore two inscriptions, both composed by the Japanese. On one side, in Russian, were the words: "Sacred to the memory of fourteen thousand six hundred and thirty-one Russian officers and soldiers who fell, fighting bravely and loyally for their country, in the battles around Port Arthur." On the other side, in Japanese, was a single line: "Death levels all distinctions between enemies and friends."

I think there is nothing finer than this in all the history of war.

It has been said again and again, by a multitude of writers and speakers, that the moral code and spiritual ideals of the Japanese differ so widely from those of Americans that sympathetic relations between the two peoples are practically impossible, and ought not to exist, even if they were possible. United States Senator George C. Perkins, in an address first delivered, if I remember rightly, before the National Geographic Society of Washington, and afterward published in the "Independent," compared the moral standards and spiritual ideals of the Japanese and the Americans as follows:

"It is a question of the Orient and the Occident; of races so different in mental characteristics, so separated by thousands of years of development upon lines which seem nowhere to touch, so divergent in morals, ethics, and the ingrained habits of scores of centuries, that there is no attraction between them because they cannot understand each other. Each stands isolated and alone as regards the other. There are no points of contact, none of sympathy. Their ideals clash; their motives have entirely different bases; their aims have nothing in common; they are aliens to each other." [1]

I have quoted a part of this address of Senator Perkins because the opinions that he expresses are those of a score, at least, of other writers and speakers who offer to instruct the American people with regard to the character of the Japanese. How much truth is there in these statements—if any?

In 1591—three centuries and a half ago—there lived in Japan a man named Seigwa Fujiwara. He was an eminent scholar and teacher. He founded an influential school of philosophy, and he lectured for years in Kioto on the moral code of the Japanese. One of his disciples, a merchant named Teijun Yoshida, became engaged in trade in the foreign province of Annam—now a part of Cochin China—and while he was there Seigwa wrote to him as follows:

> The object of trade is to enable each of the two parties concerned to obtain a share of the profits. No one must aim at benefiting

[1] "Independent," February 12, 1907.

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himself alone. Profit that is shared with another may seem small, but, because so shared, it becomes great. And *vice versa;* gains that are exclusively appropriated may seem big, but they are actually small. What is profitable and what is just are in close relation with each other. Beware of bringing our national customs into contempt. If in foreign countries you come across highly virtuous and benevolent men, honor them as your own father or your own teacher. Observe the laws and customs of the country in which you live. Remember that the human race all belong to one family. Remember that virtue is everywhere the same. Though foreigners have different customs from ours and speak different languages, the reason with which Heaven has endowed human beings is theirs as well as ours. Remember how many are the resemblances and how few the differences between us and them.

Such was the moral code of the Japanese, or of their best teachers, and such was their view of foreigners, about the time when Sir Walter Raleigh was establishing colonies in Virginia, and long before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock. Which is the more enlightened and civilized view of foreigners, that of the Japanese Seigwa, who lived and wrote in the sixteenth century, or that of the American Senator Perkins, who lives and writes in the twentieth? Which is the better statement of the moral principles of trade—that of the sixteenth-century teacher in Japan, or that of certain twentieth-century captains of industry in the United States?

THE MORGUE MAN

BY LEWIS EDWIN THEISS

EVERY rule has its exception. The exception to the rule that "one half of the world never knows what the other half is doing" is found in the case of the keeper of a newspaper "morgue." He is an exception, because he knows all things about all men. He is as omniscient as Jupiter. He is as far-seeing as jealous Juno. He is a composite of the all-seeing eye, the camera, the phonograph, and the dictagraph. Nothing escapes him. He has a memory like sticky fly-paper. Nothing that comes to his knowledge ever gets away from him. He is the earthly counterpart of the recording angel. His record, like the physician's, often begins with the birth and ends with the death of a person. It is as complete as life itself. And its import is as weighty as the record of St. Peter's, for the newspaper morgue is as inexorable as the book of judgment.

The term "morgue" is newspaper slang for the biographical department. The morgue is that part of a newspaper which collects, classifies, and records facts about persons and things. It is a combined social register and rogues' gallery. It is a who's who and why, with especial emphasis on the why. It is an encyclopædia of biographical information. It is a compendium of human facts. It is a ready reference work of personal items. It is the means by which the newspaper, in times of leisure, prepares for times of haste.

Specifically, the morgue is a collection of clippings. These come from newspapers, periodicals, pamphlets, books. "Press bulletins" are to be found in the morgue. News "stories" that have been written but never published are there. Even letters, telegrams, and other communications—some of them of the most confidential nature—find their way into the morgue. All the promising news items printed by all the newspapers and all the periodicals, with some items that no one ever dared to print, are here filed away against the day when their subjects shall marry, be divorced, get arrested, or die—or in any other way come into public notice.

These various items are all safely stowed in strong linen envelopes and stored away in drawers; though in some morgues the clippings are securely pasted in books, which are kept exactly as any other library is kept. All these clippings are carefully assorted and classified and indexed and cross-indexed, so that in a moment's time the morgue-keeper can lay his finger on any one of the millions of clippings. I say millions advisedly. I mean millions literally. At the least, one hundred thousand clippings are filed away every year in the morgue of a great newspaper. There may be many more. As years

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pass, these clippings become of incalculable value. Once lost, they can never be replaced. So every precaution is taken to safeguard them. Envelopes or books of clippings taken from the morgue are charged up to the reporters or others who take them, just as volumes in a public library are charged to the borrowers. In some newspaper offices the morgue man and his assistants—who sometimes number a dozen or more—work inside of steel cages, like bank clerks; while the clippings themselves are kept in unburnable steel receptacles. Easily the most valuable thing about a newspaper office is its morgue; and when fire occurs, the first cry that goes up is, "Save the morgue!"

At first blush it would seem that nothing could be easier than to cut clippings for a morgue. The truth is just the opposite. Good morgue men are like poets—born, not made. A morgue has a physical limitation. It must be kept as small as possible. Hence there must be nothing unnecessary in it. On the other hand, it must lack no needful item. The morgue man, therefore, must have the keenest kind of a news sense. He must be able to judge at a glance the potential news value of every item printed. For instance, he must know whether or not the fact that John Jones was robbed, that Sam Smith addressed the Shakespeare Club, or that Robert Robinson bought a certain painting will have any news value in future. And the accuracy with which he judges may not be apparent until twenty years later, when Jones has become Governor, and Smith the greatest embezzler of his day, and Robinson the owner of the greatest private art collection in existence, and the newspaper wants every item it can rake up about them. Being mortal, the morgue man is not infallible. So it happens that in every morgue there is many an envelope with but one clipping in it, and perhaps a tiny one at that, that the morgue man clipped in some Micawber-like moment with the expectation that eventually something would "turn up" about the subject of the clipping. Just why some of the things in a morgue should be there it is a little difficult, say, after twenty years, to tell; but you may be sure that the morgue man had a very good reason to put into the morgue anything that is there.

Perhaps you wonder what is in a morgue. It would be hard to tell. It would be even harder to tell what isn't. Anything that has ever been printed, written, or spoken is likely to be there—and perhaps some things that have only been thought. The morgue man is such a knowing individual that you never can tell. Picking twelve items at random from a big morgue, I find them to be as follows:

Cable rate cut in half.
Fogarty, life-saving cop, gets gold medal.
Gladstone's grandson and heir attains his majority.
Fifteen million dollars tax on wealth left by Harriman.
Lorimer in his own defense.
Goslin's secretary sues W. R. Garrison.
Her "man-God" self-slain.
Maybe Raisuli's dead.
Post-Office Inspector Reddy resigns.
Philadelphia's new District Attorney.
Asks court's aid in famine of turtles.
Hospital must bar alcohol.

Filed away in other envelopes are the sordid stories of Ruth Wheeler's death and the murder of Cæsar Young. Here is preserved the history of the $25,000 taxicab robbery, of the Virginia massacre by the Allen gang, of the assassination of President McKinley. The life story of Jimmy Hope, the bank burglar, is here in full. Here, too, is the story of "Little Joe" Atkinson, New York's last hangman, with his gruesome fondness for the rope with which he sent so many people into eternity—the counterpart of the awful hangman in "Barnaby Rudge." Here also are tales of Chinatown's tong wars and the story of New York's gangs and their feuds. And as an offset to all these drab chronicles the morgue tells the splendid story of the brave deeds done when the steamship Republic was sunk. Here is the tale of the Larchmont disaster and the story of those brave fishermen who faced almost certain death to save the survivors. Here is the thrilling story of the Windsor Hotel fire and of Chief "Jack" Howe's magnificent heroism. Here is the tremendous tale of the California earthquake and the brave days that followed. Here is the record of Policeman Coyne, who on a frigid winter's night jumped into the East River, sought out an unseen drowning man, and brought him to shore. Here without end are tales of murder, fire, dishonesty, love, chivalry, devotion, heroism, war—in short, of almost everything that ever happened.

To qualify for a place in the morgue one need be neither a hero nor a villain, though both are here. For the morgue is as democratic as the grave. It is the one place outside of the United States Constitution where

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all men are equal. Nevertheless, the morgue is not entirely free from class distinctions. The subjects therein are divided into several classes. To begin with, there are the people who don't know they are there. They constitute a vast majority. There are those who know they are there and wish they weren't. There are those who know they are there and are glad of it. And there are those who paid to get there.

This last statement does not mean that one can buy a place in the morgue as one can buy space in the advertising columns. Far from it. Directly, one can buy one's way neither into the morgue nor out of it, any more than one can bribe old St. Peter to falsify his records. Nevertheless, some people get into the morgue by paying. But they do not pay the newspaper. A while back I spoke of "press bulletins." The hope of notoriety springs eternal in the human breast. Some enterprising persons have turned that hope into cash by "writing up" individuals who are willing to exchange real money for the possibility of being "among those mentioned" in the news columns. These little sketches, known as "press bulletins," "bio-bulletins," etc., are sent by the promoters to the newspapers. Upon request the promoters will also send half-tone cuts of the persons written up. As these sketches cost nothing and are accurate, the morgue man welcomes them.

In itself this scheme of thus writing up a person is innocent enough. It is simply a scheme to play upon vanity. Yet it may become the means of blackmail, as a certain morgue man discovered. He received one day a very flattering write-up of a prominent lawyer whom he knew well. This exhibition of what looked like vanity in a hard-headed attorney surprised him. When, later in the day, a news story came over the wires involving that lawyer's name with a woman's, he thought he saw a light. That night he met his lawyer friend at a college dinner. "What did that sketch cost you?" he asked, point blank.

"Five hundred dollars," said the lawyer.

"Tell me this," said the morgue man. "Just what did the writer of that sketch say to you? Did he intimate that he could keep your name out of print as well as get it in?"

"Yes; he said he had confidential relations with the newspapers," replied the lawyer. "And he thought I might like to make use of those relations at this time."

"Well," said the morgue man, "you've been stung. If there is any man in existence who could have that story about you killed, I could. And I could no more suppress the story than I can fly."

The next day, accompanied by a Government attorney, the two men visited the writer of the sketch. He refunded $450, the remaining $50 being allowed by the lawyer as a fair remuneration for the actual service rendered. And that service proved to be the worst kind of a boomerang. It gave to the newspapers just the biographical facts they wanted, and it increased rather than decreased publicity about the poor lawyer.

Those who would like to get their names out of the morgue are, of course, usually persons who have done something either criminal or disgraceful. Particularly would certain individuals of the criminal class like to get out of the morgue. The rogues' gallery and the Bertillon system are not more hateful to them. For no police record in existence begins to compare in completeness with the information contained in some morgues about certain wrong-doers. Some of these persons would gladly pay thousands of dollars to get their names out of the morgue; but be it said to the honor of newspaper men that such a thing as a morgue-keeper's selling out to a rogue is unknown in the annals of journalism.

To classify the various items in a morgue is, as a rule, easy enough. Particularly is that the case with the records of individuals; for all that is ever printed about the average morgue subject will slip easily into one small envelope. But here, as elsewhere, there are exceptions to the rule. So much is printed about such men as J. P. Morgan, Andrew Carnegie, and John D. Rockefeller that the morgue-keeper is put to it to know how to arrange the clippings, for the first essential of a morgue is that every clipping shall be instantly available. In the hour of stress the hurried reporter has no time to hunt through scores of clippings. He must be able instantly to lay his finger on the clipping he wants. So the morgue man divides the clippings about prominent men along different lines. Mr. Roosevelt is at once the joy and despair of the morgue man. The things that have been printed about him in the last twenty-five years—and they are all in the morgue—would make a library in themselves. There are simply pecks of Roosevelt items. As one morgue man put it, "We had to choose

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between running a Roosevelt morgue with the world on the side, and a world morgue with Roosevelt on the side. We chose the latter." In order to make all his Roosevelt clippings available, this morgue-keeper classifies them as follows :

Administration.	Harriman.	Politics.
Africa.	Home life.	Pope.
Ancestry.	Labor.	Presents.
Athletics.	Mayoralty.	Race suicide.
Author.	Miscellaneous.	Railroads.
Biography.	Navy.	Sagamore Hill.
Comment.	Negro.	Spanish War.
Dangers.	Peace.	Speeches (two envelopes).
Fads and fancies.	Peace of Portsmouth.	Third term.
Hunter.	Messages.	Tours.
Governor.	Police Commissioner.	Vice-President.

But if Mr. Roosevelt is the despair of the morgue man, Mr. Bryan is a complete distraction. As a morgue man put it, "You can't classify Mr. Bryan; he is on all sides of all questions." So the clippings about Mr. Bryan are put in envelopes marked 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, and so on.

Although the morgue is intended solely to aid the newspaper in its work, it frequently happens that the morgue is of use to outsiders. The police, both official and unofficial, are indebted to newspaper morgues for many a success. Every newspaper is glad to place its records at the disposal of the authorities; and some morgue-keepers work hand in hand with the municipal police, the secret service, and various private detective agencies in rounding up certain classes of criminals. This connection is especially valuable to the police from the fact that people will often tell to a newspaper facts they will not tell to the authorities.

Detectives from a private agency, for instance, came to one morgue-keeper recently and asked to be allowed to use his morgue. Their credentials were satisfactory, and the privilege was granted. But they could not find what they wanted. They were inclined to be "mysterious," and would not at first tell the morgue-keeper the nature of their case.

"Very well," said he. "I am willing to help you; but if you really want information, you will have to show your hand. I cannot accomplish much in the dark."

They told him that a certain man of prominence had subscribed to a biographical publication in which his own biography was to appear. The book was not as represented, however, and he refused to pay. Thereupon the promoters sued him for three hundred dollars. The money was nothing to him, but he refused to be bled. So he hired detectives to look up the promoters. The detectives were morally sure the promoters were swindlers, but they had been unable to lay their hands on a single shred of evidence to prove it. Their last hope lay in the morgue. In no time the enlightened morgue man laid before them the information they so much wanted. His cross-references showed him that, although nothing was filed away under the name the detectives were looking for, columns were on file about the man in an envelope labeled "Newspaper Grafters." These clippings showed that the man who got up the fraudulent biography had been working similar grafting games for fifteen years When the trial came off, the defendant subpœnaed the morgue man, who came to court armed with bound volumes of his newspaper, in which appeared accounts of former swindles perpetrated by the complainant When the latter's lawyer saw the newspaper volumes, he withdrew the suit. Thus the newspaper accomplished what the detectives could not accomplish. The grafter in question had never been arrested, and so the police had no record of him. The newspaper, however, had a complete history of his various swindles.

The morgue man and the police, it has been stated, often work hand in hand. It is not too much to say that the downfall of those crooked financial firms Burr Brothers and B. H. Scheftels & Co. was due entirely to the activities of one morgue man. From all quarters information poured in to him about the fraudulent schemes these concerns were fathering. These complaints were turned over to reporters and the frauds were exposed so baldly that the post-office inspectors were forced to take action and raid the two concerns. When the trials came round, this morgue man turned over to the Government attorneys all the mass of evidence he had collected. Everybody knows the result.

The morgue man in question got his information by "planting" fifteen or twenty "dummies" on the "sucker list." That, as most people know, is a mailing list of "easy marks," and can be found in the office of every fraudulent stock concern. Each of these dummies bought one or two shares of some cheap stock from one concern or another, and so they forever got their names on the list. Thus they received literature about every new

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scheme started, and this literature was promptly forwarded to the morgue man. In that way this particular morgue-keeper is in constant touch with the stock swindling game; and he knows about every venture the promoters bring forth within a few days of its birth. All this information is filed away against the day of judgment that the morgue man knows is sure to come.

Perhaps there is no better illustration of the inexorability of a morgue than the case of one of these modern financial pirates who formerly was little short of being a real pirate. In exposing one of this man's schemes, the morgue man told something of his doings a quarter of a century previously in the South Seas. The promoter, thinking that no witness of his crimes survived, brought suit against the newspaper. One man only—and he was in Alaska—had personal knowledge of this man's crimes. That witness could not be found. But the morgue man substantiated the story in his paper so well that the paper won the suit. Thus the morgue, like a voice from the grave, spoke out in damning accusation.

The primary use of a morgue, of course, is in aiding a newspaper in its work of printing the news. In this respect the morgue has a thousand uses. Sometimes it points the way to news; sometimes it furnishes the news itself. Frequently it is the newspaper court of last resort.

Years ago, when it was believed that Marshall Field would be made a member of the President's Cabinet, that merchant prince, the Chicago papers wired their New York correspondents, was due to arrive in New York on a certain train. The city editors sent squads of reporters to meet him and get an interview. But the train came in and Mr. Field was not on it. As it turned out later, he left the train just before it reached New York to dodge the newspaper men. The papers were in complete darkness as to his whereabouts. Late in the evening one night city editor dug into his morgue until he unearthed a tiny clipping which showed that some years previously Mr. Field had once stayed in New York with a relative at a private house. "That's where he is," said this editor to his reporter. "Go up and get an interview." That's where he was, too, and the reporter got the interview. He was the only reporter in the city who found Mr. Field, and he scored a "beat." The morgue did it.

Some months ago a young man killed himself in one of New York's big hotels. There was nothing in his possessions by which to identify him. A coroner looked at the suicide and remarked that he resembled young Lord Sholto Douglas, of England, who years ago buried himself in this country. Young Douglas had once been on the stage. Two theatrical people, who, it later developed, did not know Lord Douglas, identified the body as that of the missing Englishman. Thereupon the story went broadcast that Lord Douglas had killed himself. At once the "Sun" Press Bureau was deluged by queries from all parts of the country asking if the story were true. The "Sun" reporter was not satisfied with the identification that had been made. So he went to his morgue. There he found an obscure item which gave the name of a physician who had once examined Lord Douglas for an insurance company. The "Sun" reporter hunted this physician up, and got him to examine the dead body. The physician said positively that the dead man was not Lord Douglas. Thus the "Sun" was able to deny the story that had been sent out by other news agencies. And its denial was confirmed a few days later when the real Lord Douglas was found somewhere in New England and interviewed.

In the main, however, the morgue is useful as furnishing material for biographical sketches, especially of the obituary kind. Upon the death of any person the reporter writing the "obit" has but to turn to the morgue, and, if anything has ever been printed about his subject, he will find it there. That enables him to compile a biography in short order.

In the case of prominent persons, however, the city editor dare not wait until they are dead before he has their obituary story written. That story may occupy a page, and the person may die just before press time. The city editor never knowingly runs a race with either time or death. He dodges such contests by getting ready beforehand. Hence, at the first news that a prominent person is ill, he assigns a reporter to write the sick one's obituary. At the time this article is written Dr. Mary Walker lies critically ill. To-day's news story about her is an interview which she begins by saying, "Don't write my obituary yet." Of course Dr. Walker could not know it, but her obituary had long since been prepared. This practice of obituary forehandedness has come to be

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regarded in newspaper circles as a life-saver, so many persons have recovered after their "obits" have been written. The obituary of the late Senator Platt, for instance, was written ten years before his death by a man who died two years before Mr. Platt did. If a man gets well, the story is simply filed away in the morgue against the day when he shall be mortally ill. So every morgue contains the "obits" of a good many people who are anything but dead.

Forehanded as all this seems, it is not forehanded enough for the city editor. He is always haunted by the fear that something will happen and find him unprepared Even though a story is written, it takes time to put it into type; and those minutes might mean that the paper would be beaten on the story. So the obituaries of the crowned heads of Europe, of the "big" men of America—in short, of every one the world over who is prominent enough to be liable to assassination—are kept set up in type. In some offices also a half-tone of the subject is ready to go with each story. Some newspapers have enough of these "standing obits" to fill an entire issue of the paper. It needs only a flash over the wire saying a man is dead, and his life history can be on the sidewalk in ten minutes' time.

In the matter of getting out the news an ounce of foresight is worth several pounds of hindsight. The morgue man is the doctor who is responsible for that ounce. He is the journalistic specialist in prevention—the prevention of unpreparedness.

THE SPECTATOR

THE Spectator is the owner of a small domain where he spends some cheerful July days free from door-bells, telephones, and messenger boys. Here trees, shrubs, and vines respond amazingly to his casual care, though severe drought, together with absentee landlordism, causes them to look injured and in some cases to pass away.

The Spectator loves all the birds that sing or fly, from oriole and song-sparrow to the dingy swallows that circle high above the chimney at evening and build in its safe depths. In and out they fly with a sound of distant thunder, and carelessly lose their callow young down in the fireplace below, and so make the Spectator a world of trouble. Like some human beings, they appear to have broader views than family life affords, and are willing to trust their offspring to those of less important aims. To rescue these helpless, complaining mites, loud even in extreme callowness, is a thankless task. In a feathered state they dash themselves against closed windows, and are hard to catch even in butterfly nets. One returns after days of absence to find the place a House of Dead Birds, as a little child once called it. They have tried every room in vain, and for days one comes upon them in dark corners and behind articles of furniture, their sad little lives beaten out, the scheme of their existence frustrated.

While a bird-lover by nature, the Spectator has no fellow-feeling for hens. Though surrounded by them, and often vexed by their narrow-minded ways, he lives in a chronic state of forgiveness when they scratch mulch away from protected tree roots, dig up annuals, wallow in tender flower-beds, and do all the mischief possible to their limited intelligence. In common with the Indian, they recognize no private ownership of land, and are just as ready to devastate their owner's garden as the Spectator's, equally aggrieved and flustered at stick-and-stone arguments at home and abroad. So one bears with them, as with idiots, for instance, whom they closely resemble. In the long line of evolution, tremendous to thought, who can prove that the original idiot was not a hen? In many ways hens resemble certain human beings—minus intellect.

Just now the near neighbor's old speckled hen has made her usual promenade in a leisurely way among trees and shrubs, digging up recently transplanted things, wallowing in soft flower-beds, pecking at certain tender lettuce leaves long obscured with brush, but just now carelessly allowed the freedom of air and sunshine, sitting down in the bed and throwing dust over the hopeful leaves.

The Spectator, on his vine-shaded porch, stood overlooking the ruin wrought by one insignificant member of barnyard society. He might have driven her off for the moment with stones and execrations; but the process is a warm one on a sultry day, and it would have disturbed his

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own permanent serenity, though not the hen's, and led her to think (?) it worth while to return to the attack when she had roused the neighborhood with her shrieks of indignation. It is never worth while to call a burglar's attention to places of deposit. So the Spectator sat down with his finger between the leaves of the book he was trying to read and watched. If there are sermons in stones, there are whole volumes in hens. This special speckled one, perhaps tired of misdeeds, but more probably hearing the dinner call, decided to go home. First she tried every picket in the fence which divided her from her kind, raising and dropping her head in a foolish way, as if the spaces might be broader above or below. To us human creatures also the untried is pregnant with possibility. But the pickets were set with precision, and, though there were many openings below where ambitious hens had at some time wriggled their unwelcome bodies through, they made no sign, nor did the other hens beyond the pale take the slightest notice. The Spectator was reminded of the father of an eminent scientist who never responded to any question that was not put in a form he liked.

The address of the speckled hen might have been unpleasing. There was a suspicious cackle from the barn beyond. It sounded like that of the Black Spanish pullet, just embarked on the grand enterprise of laying and full of the importance of the deed. Every morning she shrilly and continuously announced this most momentous event, as if she had laid a dozen Black Spanish eggs at the highest market price and dared not die with all the music in her. Bursting with the idea that the country could not long hold its own without her special brand of egg, she amuses the Spectator with her likeness to a political convention.

Our speckled hen heard and did not hear; but some vague memory was disturbed in her mustard-seed of brain, and she redoubled her futile efforts to break through. Not a picket yielded, though she batted each one. Back and forth she paced along eight, nine, ten post divisions, seeking she knew not what, but seeking just the same—a tireless shuttle driven back and forth, back and forth, weaving shadows.

The Spectator, having a larger proportion of brain, could have put his finger on a dozen dug-out holes where she could have squeezed through with little or no effort. So many of us

"fail to find
That which lies close at hand."

But unsought help is seldom appreciated even by mortals, and the speckled hen, by her very nature, would have resented any aid—any seizing of her personally and thrusting her head through with squawkings like death throes that would have called out her indignant owner. None of us like interference—butting in, in the slang of to-day—and it is doubtful if the determined hen could have been butted in (to change the tense) even for her own good with the most heroic effort. So the Spectator, with his finger still in the volume—whatever he may have been reading at the time from the table beside him—leaned back and watched. Sixty-three times, by actual count, did the hen pace back and forth, leisurely, hurriedly, madly, never giving it up, while the creatures, her relatives, on the other side took no more notice of her than if she had been a ghost. And she kept to her original limits, having a dim consciousness perhaps that somewhere between these special posts there must be an opening, because she had come through. O human reasoning! O human hope!

The Spectator went back to his reading and tried to forget, but after a blurred quarter of an hour looked up. She was still at it. The fence would not yield, neither would she. That is the one heroic quality of hen nature that the Spectator has discovered—

"A glorious firmness that her enemies call obstinacy."

Opening after opening she passed and missed, stopping to consider just beyond it. The Spectator yearned to say, as he often yearns to say to the young of his kind, "I could show you the place—you've missed it forty times, and you're going to miss it forty more;" or, "You lost your head when something cackled, and so looked the wrong way." But, as in human affairs, he held his peace, and the hen never gave it up. After an hour the Spectator came back to the book he had abandoned, and there she was—"at it again."

Just then a passing boy shied a stone at the distracted and distracting creature, which broke up the routine of her course and cleared her mind to see the opening just where she was, and without effort she slipped through.

The Spectator pushed aside his books, took up paper and pen, and settled down to a puzzling problem that he had failed to work out—a problem that had spoiled weeks of his vacation, persistently dogging his conscience,

"Deep'ning his midnights,
Dark'ning all his morns."

He had learned something from a hen.

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LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

WHY THE HIGH PRICE OF MEAT?

The high price of meat is one of the multiplying problems of the high cost of living. And rightly it is, for in the past few days a new chapter has been written in meat history. Cattle have been sold in the Chicago live stock market at the highest price known since Civil War times, and there seems to be no immediate prospect of relief.

The packer has been unjustly blamed for the present prices of meat. This part of the high cost of living should not be wholly blamed to big business, but partly also to the man who, under the profitable conditions that now exist, does not produce meat. I mean the corn belt farmer.

The opportunity for profitable live stock production has never been equaled since time began, yet we learn that less live stock is produced from year to year, notwithstanding the unequaled prices and opportunities.

Our exports of beef have decreased enormously from year to year, and unless the American farmer awakens to the situation not another decade will pass until the South American stock-raiser will be reaping the profits that could have been left among our corn belt farmers, and would in turn have been distributed throughout our land, for the farmer buys through every avenue of trade.

The opportunity for profitable live stock growing does not seem to be fully appreciated by the corn belt farmer. He lives in States more naturally adapted for meat-producing than any other country in the world. He produces every food element necessary for the most profitable feeding. With the introduction of the silo and the greatest meat-producer among forage, the alfalfa, he holds the reins of prime beef and pork manufacture in his hand. With the silo to save tons of feed that has been heretofore practically wasted, and the alfalfa producing two to three fold over the other varieties of hay, he finds his feeding resources unequaled. Corn is his principal farm product, and is the most essential of all foods for meat-growing, and he has access to the world's best live stock markets. Yet he is contented to see the farmers of another continent reap the profits by establishing a foreign trade that he should have possessed, and is contented to market his grain through the elevator from year to year and thus deplete the fertility of his farm. No farm can continually stand the drain on its resources by incessant grain farming, any more than we can check continually on a bank account without making a deposit. And to-day the farmer is reaping the costly effects of grain farming. Our average corn yield is twenty-eight bushels per acre; it should be sixty. Our average wheat yield is thirteen bushels an acre; it should be thirty. Our average oat yield is twenty-five bushels per acre; it should be sixty.

But, in the face of these facts, the farmer is not growing live stock. The truth of this fact justly lays the blame of high-priced meat at the farmer's doorstep, and he alone can remedy it.

This condition has probably been brought about by attractive grain and hay prices in the markets of the world. Immediate profits, without concern for the future welfare of the land or coming generations, seem to have been the paramount thought of the average farmer.

The results are twenty per cent less cattle in our land to-day than ten years ago, with over a twenty per cent increase in our population. The settler has crowded the old-time ranchman from the map, and to-day but few cattle outfits of any magnitude are in existence.

The State of Iowa has more cattle, according to area, than any other State in the Union, yet her statistics show only one beef steer to each fifty-three acres of land.

Fancy veal prices have induced farmers to market their calves, not allowing them to reach maturity, which means an immeasurable loss in pounds of beef, to say nothing of the curtailment in production caused by the slaughter of young females.

Conditions, as they are brought out by men who are devoting their time to the study of the problem, point to the fact that we have not yet fully realized the seriousness of the shortage, and cannot hope for immediate relief until the farmer can get in possession of foundation stock, which must be obtained from the present crop of calves.

Pork prices are necessarily high for several reasons. They would naturally be high during the beef shortage on account of demand. But the origin was with the panic of 1907, when the hog market became so bearish that the producers lost confidence and liquidation began, resulting in the fewest hogs left for future producing known for years. Then in 1911, just as we were again getting to a normal condition, the six principal swine-producing States suffered a shortage of corn, followed by the swine plague, and liquidation to the markets and mortality again did its work, while heavy loss in the spring crop of 1912, combined with the above-mentioned causes, has kept the supply low.

The farmer is one of the most conservative persons of our country, but conditions are becoming so plain and prospects so bright for the future stockman that the consumer cannot but hope that he may become endowed with the spirit of doing his part to feed the ever-increasing millions of our land.

And those who investigate the situation will agree that the greatest of all laws, "supply and

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demand," has played a greater part toward the upward trend of meat prices, and will have more part in the lowering process, than so-called "big business."

A. W. T.

York, Nebraska.

THE LITERACY TEST FOR IMMIGRANTS

May I have the honor of your columns to say a few words in regard to the immigration question discussed editorially and by correspondents in your issue of June 22?

All labor leaders are agreed, so far as I know, and my acquaintance is extensive, that some substantial curb ought to be placed at once on the present enormous influx and efflux of foreign labor. And while I know of no official identified with any of the various labor organizations of the country who would take exception to your statement that the illiteracy test "would be inadequate to protect this country from [all] undesirable immigrants," I feel certain that practically all of them would be inclined to dissent from your other statement that it would not help "secure those that are desirable."

There is absolutely no question about the Immigration Commission's finding that there is an "over-supply of unskilled labor in this country," which affects indirectly, but none the less deleteriously, wages and conditions of employment in the skilled trades. For years our organizations have recognized with increasing conviction the need of just such legislation as that recommended by the Commission, and have gone on record at our conventions and before Congressional committees as favoring it, and particularly the reading and writing test, because we find that those who cannot read or write are the ones at Lawrence in the textile industries, at Bethlehem in the steel mills, and even at work in the railway construction camps, as pointed out by the Immigration Commission, that are the easiest induced to come here, to be hoodwinked into coming, to be worked at lower wages and longer hours, and that they are the ones who render conditions less safe and less sanitary, and who are used by the labor exchanges, the large employers of cheap labor, and the like to prevent an improvement of conditions commensurate with inventions and changing needs, an increase in wages to keep pace with the increased cost of living, etc.

The Commission emphasizes the fact, I believe, that the illiterate, as one would expect, are the most difficult to organize into a law-abiding union and the easiest to become the tools of violent agitators, such as have made their appearance recently, during labor troubles at Lawrence and other places.

With your statement that transient workers coming to go back with their parsimonious hoardings, unaccompanied by their families, should be excluded, and that a limit should be placed upon the number coming, I believe all students of labor conditions agree, and at least eighty per cent of the thinking public. A large number, considerably over half, I believe, would be in favor of going further for a specified time, in order to allow the forces of assimilation to relieve the situation. But the "rub" comes as to the tests to accomplish this purpose. The Republican party has declared for the illiteracy test in specific terms, and a general declaration of the Democratic party has been interpreted on the stump in a campaign or two to mean the same identical thing.

In your editorial you advocate an increased head tax, the requirement of some money in the pocket—which is law in Canada, among other restrictive provisions and orders that make our weak laws look ridiculous—a character certificate, and the limitation of numbers coming per annum. But would any one or all of these "secure those that are desirable" and keep out those that are "undesirable"? Would not any test, as a matter of fact, in academic argument, keep out some possibly desirable person? And could not even our present feeble laws, excluding merely a few of the undeniably undesirable and objectionable, be said to do this? Do they not now keep out desirable immigrants, even though the law is enforced very liberally and generously and charitably? In my experience I know of no piece of legislation that has not had brought against its enactment the charge that it would do some hardship; and nowadays we hear much said about the administration of the law by the courts being a "reproach to our civilization." But is that any reason for abolishing, as the Nihilist and Anarchist would, all government? Or for the owner of a barn, using the same reasoning, burning it to destroy the rats?

To us who make a specialty of studying, exclusively almost, the needs of labor and labor problems, the illiteracy test seems, as it did to the Immigration Commission, "the most feasible" for starting the proper regulation and control of immigration, because it would, as pointed out by the Commission, work the least possible harm and do the greatest possible good of any of the tests considered; and by so recommending it they, as I understand, did not preclude the enactment of additional and other tests, and did not mean to recommend it as a substitute for other existing as well as proposed legislation, such as you mention.

H. E. Wills,
Joint National Legislative Representative,
B. of L. E., O. R. C., B. of R. T.

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BY THE WAY

The Chairman of the Association of Western Railways, Mr. W. A. Garrett, sends out a warning bulletin to shippers that all freight should be despatched as promptly as possible this autumn, for by October 25 there will be a shortage of 179,838 freight cars. This huge volume of business speaks well for general prosperity, but where is the "scientific management" of the railways?

Since the recent revelations regarding police graft in New York City a policeman has been seen to take a pear from a corner fruit-stand—and pay for it! It must be now that the year of Jubilee has come for the foreign fruit-vender.

Algiers is said to have the largest European population of any city in Africa. Johannesburg comes next, then Oran. Will the class in geography kindly locate the latter town, with its 100,000 Europeans, without referring to the atlas?

A novelty in paper goods that is rapidly coming into general use is the tissue-paper towel, which is designed to take the place of linen towels in public lavatories, railway stations, factories, etc. This is a truly sanitary device, for it furnishes every one with an individual towel, and, as each towel is thrown away after use, any possible communication of disease is prevented.

The University of Southern California has instituted a chair of automobile science, being the first university in the country to recognize the importance of the motor car as a subject of technical study and investigation from the engineering standpoint.

Dr. Roy C. Andrews, curator of the American Museum of Natural History, has lately returned from an expedition to Japan and Korea. In the latter country he traversed unexplored territory, one of the features of which was a great forest of larches and birches, through which the party traveled for three weeks.

The Sunday-closing law for post-offices recently enacted has been so far modified in its interpretation that hotels and newspapers will continue to receive their mail on Sunday, as formerly. Congressman Mann, who is responsible for the law, says that he urged it, not for religious reasons, but because he knew from personal experience that "one can get along all right without Sunday mail." But how about the young man who is waiting for that letter that failed to come on Saturday?

A commercial traveler says that he can identify members of his profession in the hotel dining-rooms by their habit of drinking their coffee "left-handed." He says that many traveling men have adopted this habit because when they drink "left-handed" they drink from the side of the cup that isn't generally used. This is one of those customs the value of which will lessen as it becomes more general—or as dish-washing becomes more of a fine art.

Spain is to follow the example of other Continental countries and become the owner of its railways. As Spanish railways have been notorious for delays and poor management, travelers will hope that the change promises improvement in service.

Apparently it is not easy to find men with ideas about fashions in women's dress, for a daily paper prints an advertisement calling for "an editor with ideas" for a "woman's magazine devoted largely to fashions" and having a circulation of nearly a million. Why not give a woman the job? A woman is just naturally full of ideas about dress, and here would seem to be the very opportunity for their expression.

Conservative Germans deplore the use of Roman characters in printing German books. An appeal for the continued use of the Gothic letter is said to have been signed by six hundred university professors and other literary and scientific men. Aside from sentimental grounds, they contend that the Gothic character is more legible than the Roman. This will seem incredible to one who compares Gothic, or Black-Letter, with Roman characters, but much must be allowed to early associations.

The new Equitable Building in New York City is to be the largest office building in the world, but this will be on account of the large ground area which it is to occupy, for the structure will be but thirty-six stories in height—only relatively a "sky-scraper" in a city which contains forty-three, forty-eight, and fifty-five story buildings.

The fastest shorthand writing ever done, so it is said, was accomplished by Mr. Nathan Behrin, a New York court reporter, at a recent contest held by the National Shorthand Reporters' Association. He wrote 278 words per minute for five minutes. This is faster than most people can talk; but then the court stenographer must be prepared to meet and "take down" the exceptional witness, with six-cylinder verbal capacity.

English actors apparently never become millionaires, if inferences are to be drawn from a newspaper paragraph which says that the estate of an English actor recently deceased amounted to $220,280, and that this is "the largest theatrical estate left since that of Toole, the famous comedian, which amounted to $399,920." Perhaps American actors are more fortunate; at any rate, we notice that the widow of an American actor has just left $75,000 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which places her quite in the class of some millionaires so far as charitable bequests are concerned.

"Close" punctuation, which consists in inserting the points frequently, has apparently gone out in the daily press, for in a New York City newspaper the other day a sentence of one hundred and six words was noticed which carried no punctuation mark except at the end. How different, this, from the typographic style in the time of Rufus Choate, that master of the long sentence, whose tribute to Daniel Webster, in a single sentence of over a thousand words, carried nearly half as many commas, semicolons, and dashes!

A new patent that will interest men who would like to discard suspenders but are not partial to tight belts is a shirt with "a plurality of lapels" which are designed to be attached to the trousers for their support. The trousers being thus held up, suspenders may be dispensed with and belts worn comfortably loose.

Apropos of shirts, a facetious subscriber announces that he has perfected a machine for stripping buttons from shirts and other garments that are sent to public laundries. "Hand work," he says, "sometimes fails to remove these buttons completely, and my machine is guaranteed to strip off all these objectionable protuberances without fail, so that the goods may be returned to the owner in the same state as when they came from the mill."

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